

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A young woman, accompanied by her little niece, was struggling the other night to reach a doctor's office, and her rapidly increasing illness caused her to appeal to three young men, who were going home from a skating rink, to help her reach the physician. A newspaper report says that they refused to do so, one of them remarking, "I guess she will be able to get there all right." The young woman died at the doctor's threshold, and an examination proved heart disease to have been the cause. Her death and the cause of it would excite no unusual sympathy on the part of the public, for sadly enough we have to admit that a multitude may die singly and after desperate struggles for life, and yet we notice only those whose lives are somehow entangled with our own and whose death casts a shadow over that which we call our happiness. The startling feature of the story which was told by the reporter is that of the refusal of three young men to help a dying girl to reach medical assistance. It is quite possible they may have thought that she was tipsy and the child by her side a mere blind. It matters not, for a woman gasping in the last throes of heart disease or vainly endeavoring to find her home under less respectable circumstances, should at any rate appeal to all that is good in a lad or man. The young man who refuses to render assistance to a suffering woman, or man either, for fear he may become entangled by the gossip, is no good. Nobody but a cad demands an introduction before he springs into the water to save a drowning person, and none but flippant, selfish and miserable natures could refuse to assist a poor suffering woman for a block or two when she appeals to them to help her reach a doctor's office. Not one of the three who are said to have been guilty of this unmanly conduct would have refused to see a pretty girl home from a skating rink or a party, no matter if they had to trudge for a couple of miles. Gallantry which is only shown to those who may some day repay it by an invitation to a dance or by social favor, is the conduct of a prig, a calf, a thing. In the case mentioned there was nothing to indicate that the poor girl was anything but ill, yet with the blood throbbing through their veins after a night of jolly excitement, if the report be true, these three miserable imitations of men left her to gasp and die in the street.

We will presume that the facts had been different, and that three young men were gallantly wending their way homeward and a tipsy woman and a little girl besought their assistance. Presuming that the poor thing's breath had been redolent of alcohol and on a winter night she was unable to reach her home, should they, because she had sinned, refuse to lend their assistance? It is quite true that had they met a policeman they might have been questioned as to where they had been and where they had found her, but that would have been immaterial, even though the officer took their names and made enquiries about them later on. The uncharitableness of the world always makes us dread publicity of every sort, and presumes if a man is seen with a woman in trouble, that he is, or has been, the cause of it, but this does not relieve a man from the duty of offering every assistance in his power. When there were three men, each able to testify as to the facts, when they had just come from a place where they were known and their presence was sure to be remembered, the fear of having been engaged in an orgy somewhere was not to be considered. But even if it were to be considered, is either a suffering or a sinful woman to be avoided on the streets at eleven o'clock at night as if she were a pestilent creature without a soul and without any claim upon the compassion of the passer-by? It seems to me a part of the duty of the stronger sex to be so above suspicion in their life or to have so chivalrous a standard, if they lay no claim to freedom from the censure of those who adopt a higher standard, that the claims of every sufferer, man or woman, drunk or sober, are a first lien upon their best impulses.

I remember one night overtaking a friend who was slowly following a poor drunken old drab whose erratic course covered a sidewalk and half the street. My first thought was of disgust to see so fine a fellow apparently in such company, but as I passed him he quietly took my arm and told me that he was seeing the poor old thing home, and though he had not spoken to her, hoped she would not fall in the snow and make it necessary for him to get a hack. I asked him why he had undertaken the task, and he said, "No one else was in sight, so I had to." Together we saw the wretched remnant of a woman, who could be attractive to nothing less debased than herself, tumble into a doorway, which, from the reception she got, proved to be that of her home.

I always admire that man, because he had made a sacrifice which few under similar circumstances would have believed a part of their duty. The night was not specially cold, but had she fallen in a ditch she might have perished. If he had taken her arm, as he would have done had it been necessary, and he had met a policeman, he would have handed her over to him, and she might have made some drunken accusation against him which he as a married man might have been made miserable in disproving. Had the story been amplified by the daily papers he might have been embroiled in a domestic way and lost a splendid

The Discussion of the Departmental Store Question will be found on page 3.

situation which he held, and now holds, as agent of a large firm many thousand miles away; but, thorough gentleman as he was, he saw nothing before him but his plain duty, and he was prepared to perform it. His case as compared with that of the three young men who would not help a woman who was sick, though respectable, is the difference between a thorough gentleman and three thorough cads.

It is strange that women are so loathed when they are wrong, so avoided when the difficulties of explaining one's assistance to them are considered. Men are forgiven social sins which after all may be divisible by two, while they are denounced and degraded when it is not their sin at all, but their sacrifice. The uncharitableness of the human heart is something dreadful. To have heaped upon oneself the odium of being found in the company of a sick or erring woman at a late hour of the night is enough to make the stoutest heart flinch. One hardly dare even be kind to a child lest the police, or those with the same impulse to believe everybody wicked, may bring dreadful charges. This sort of thing makes the world brutally cruel, and the beggar and the outcast, the drunkard and the belated wanderer, the homeless, the unfortunate, the tramp, and the poor and sick, and even dying man or woman are all huddled in the same class, and if arrested penned in the same cell. Isn't it heart-breaking

very startling evidence that everything was not as it seemed when the late Government went out of power. With this introduction, which is intended to make it plain that I am making no attack upon the Postmaster-General, who has already reduced the expenses of his department to an extent which had hitherto been considered impossible without impairing the service, I desire to continue to call attention to the misuse of the facilities offered by the postal service.

Last week I pointed out that express parcels in bulk had to pay nearly four times the rate to the far North-West and the Pacific coast which is charged by the Postal Department for four-pound packages, thus making it cheaper for people in such places as Edmonton, Calgary, Nelson, Rossland, Vancouver and Victoria, to get their goods from big stores in Toronto and Montreal than to buy them from local merchants whose taxes and enterprise are building up the smaller places. This extraordinary misuse of Government transportation will of course have to be corrected, for no reasonable man would urge for a moment that the Government should provide a cheaper means of supplying the wants of the people of such localities as have been named, than the local merchants can possibly find. It simply means the ruin of the adventurous men who try to do business in such places and under

penitentiary but his own unsupported oath and good record. This is all wrong. The banks get a sufficient price for what they do to afford to put their money in a safe when they send it in large amounts. The combination, the amount, everything is unknown to the express messenger or the postoffice clerk, and the combination is not confided by the sender to anyone except the man who is to receive the money. Publicity may do harm in this matter for the moment, yet look for a moment at the facts. Can we afford to offer such inducements for holding up trains, which under more difficult circumstances has become a scandal in the United States? The figures for the past seven years in the United States are as follows:

Total number of trains held up in seven years...	183
people killed	73
injured (shot)	58

The record of 1896 is as follows:

Number of trains held up by robbers	23
robbers killed	4
robbers shot (not killed)	2
passengers and train men killed	32
passengers and train men injured (shot)	7

These hold-ups were for the purpose of robbing express companies and passengers, and it must be remembered that express companies equip their messengers with burglar-proof safes and fire-arms for the protection of the money and valuables entrusted to them. If all these hold-ups have taken place in order

wealthy institutions. This is a topic which will bear discussion and investigation. It is doubtful if the bank managers themselves know what is being done, but what has been written here should direct their attention to this very important matter.

Sir Donald Smith, Canadian High Commissioner to Great Britain, sailed from Liverpool for New York on his way to Ottawa.

So runs a telegraphic despatch all around the world. Cannot the Canadian High Commissioner proceed on official business from London to Ottawa without going through a foreign country? Is there only one door to this continent? The Government might intimate to him when going back that he emerge from Canada by the front door, as befits the dignity and significance of his office.

There is no sufficient pride of country shown by Canadians. Here is our High Commissioner to Great Britain intimating to the world at large that Canada is a one-horse region to which Europeans may penetrate via New York. The Toronto Police Commissioners wanted bicycles for use of police on duty, and they bought English wheels and paid for them with the taxes to which our great bicycle industries had contributed. The City Council seems to revolt at the idea of buying a Canadian-made fire engine. Ald. Hallam proposes a jubilee blow-out with flags and medals made in Great Britain. I want to say this: If we can't make flags and medals in Canada, let us use no flags or medals; if policemen are to ride bicycles on duty, let them ride Canadian wheels, which are equal to those made anywhere; if cities or Governments want anything that the earth produces or that the hand of man manufactures, let them get them in Canada, if they can be grown or made here even half as well as elsewhere. Is this not right? Let everybody speak up and put an end to the practices which make Canada look like a one-horse settlement!

It is doubtless all right for one newspaper to pound another when it is caught in rather an unsavory position, for it may be a journal which is apt to air its propriety, but it must be remembered that scarcely any daily newspaper, from the London Times, the Great Thunderer, down, can stand an examination into the motives which permit the insertion of certain advertisements or the advocacy of any cause which, politically or otherwise, is more or less theoretical, speculative, and to its own advantage in some way. The question of motive is a difficult one, and if gone into in ordinary instances would split up families, clubs and churches. What we really mean and which may be sincerely construed as the actuating reason of the programme of a newspaper or a person, is often, if not always, forgotten to a certain extent when the question of profit comes in. All newspapers work for profit; without it they must die, and all a man hath will he give for his life or the thing upon which his life depends. Yet only the baser sort of writers glance at the prospective profit before they begin their usual work. Incidentally it may be that they get patronage, printing contracts, or gain status amongst those who obtain contracts. This may seem thoroughly unrighteous to the reader, yet the reader is always insisting on getting a paper for less than it can be published for, and other methods of obtaining revenue being open to the publisher, he naturally enough turns his attention to doing the best he can for himself and letting the reader take his chances.

Is it not true that we all do the best we can for ourselves? Is it not true that the best of us sometimes try to make money when we should be trying to serve those who are absolutely thankless, no matter what we do? Is it not also true that the days of martyrs are past and the subscriber and the publisher alike get as much as they can? If a newspaper company includes a certain number of speculative gentlemen who desire to help themselves to a good thing, it is not wonderful that the editor may be persuaded to express their views. Of course in the abstract this is wrong, but does it inflict a greater wrong on the community than is inflicted by many other persons who every day can be bought or persuaded to espouse a cause? It is a thoroughly unscriptural and improper proceeding, no doubt, yet if it becomes—really to a certain extent it has become—the procedure of cheap newspapers that people who do not advertise must be ignored, and people who contribute nothing must be shown no consideration, and that people who are not money-makers for the concern must be trampled upon, then "financial hints" in the way of "touching people up" become a fine art and the successful blackmailer—let us not disguise it—becomes a fine gentleman in the business of an advertising agent.

We have had plenty of examples of this sort of thing in Toronto, and it is only by the records of those who have been making their living by publishing newspapers that we can discover in any crisis whether publishers are making a mistake, or are making a great bluff at the public to acquire a position which their moral qualities do not entitle them to. Nor does this cut much of a figure, for men change, and the bad man and naughty publisher of to-day may be the best man in town to-morrow, and the present goodness of him may be more genuine than the past badness of him.

Every once in a while we can catch our Continued on Page Four.



Lyman J. Gage, Sec. of the Treasury. Joseph McKenna, Attorney-General. John D. Long, Sec. of the Navy. James Wilson, Sec. of Agriculture. J. J. McCook, Sec. of War. John Sherman, Sec. of State. James A. Gary.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET.

Drawn by C. D. Graves for the "Illustrated American."

to consider so sad a situation? Yet we are very apt to take advantage of the worst view of life and consider every belated, helpless and tottering woman as a mere drab, and every homeless man the victim of his own vices, or to be a nefarious person anxious to get us into trouble. Hard is the heart of those who are always looking for their own safety, and cowardly are those who dare not risk a little to do as Christ did and occasionally offer a helping hand, even if it only finds the soiled grasp of a Magdalene or touches the trembling fingers of the outcast.

I heard an almost incredible story the other day, and yet it is impossible for me to doubt the truth of it. I have been writing something for the last few weeks about the Postal Department, not criticizing the Postmaster-General, but calling his attention to regulations which have existed for fully a dozen or fifteen years without being reformed. Of course we are all expecting the new Administration to do everything, and to do it at once, but I began looking into these matters, not in order to criticize the Postmaster-General, but to find whether he was right in saying that the system would have to be almost entirely reorganized. He has done more since he took office less than a year ago to reduce expenses while increasing the service, than all of his predecessors put together, yet he still has a gigantic task before him. I see in one of the daily papers that he has discovered a deficit of between six and seven hundred thousand dollars in his department, and in order to make his position plain and his allegations of prior maladministration thoroughly credible, employed a couple of expert accountants to find where the over-expenditures had been made by the gentlemen whose position he now occupies. These auditors find that enormous sums have been expended without appearing in last year's estimates and that the appropriation for this year was being drained to meet the bills incurred, but concealed, during a previous year or years. It is difficult for us to understand how any official occupying so high a place would have cared to go to such lengths, yet it is said that Messrs. Cross and Monroe, the auditors, have found that it will take over a half a million dollars to meet the bills which had been incurred, secreted, and were daily drifting in for payment. The whole affair requires explanation and furnishes a

such conditions.

Now the banks are doing what they should not be permitted to do by the postal authorities. As is said in depositions, "I am informed and do verily believe" that a bank in Toronto sent, the other day, in four-pound packages, each containing about \$15,000 of Dominion currency, \$100,000 worth of money to a far Western town situated where a train or postoffice clerk could be held up as easily as anywhere in the world. Another bank on another day sent \$50,000 in Dominion currency, to the same place, and still another sent \$20,000 worth. The last bank paid eight cents and registration for the carriage of this money; the one sending the largest amount paid twenty-eight cents outside of the registration fee. All of this money, so it is said, was chucked into the registration wicket of the Toronto post-office by two messengers, each two caring for the parcels of each bank referred to. This stuff was registered, but yet the parcels would naturally be kicked around the postoffice as carelessly as if they contained nothing more than valuable varieties of seed potatoes, dress goods, or stationery. It was handled without any special care; lay on trucks in the Union Station; the bags were slammed around in cars, and no special precautions taken. Nevertheless, the railway postoffice clerks must have known that it was money, and it is a crime to put such temptation in their way.

It may seem inexcusable to tell these things lest train robbers become interested and pursue their avocation at the expense of the banks which do business so loosely, but it is better to offer a warning than to chronicle depredations such as will certainly take place if this sort of thing continues. It cannot long continue a secret, though I am personally cognizant of a fact which suggests that this sort of thing has been going on for years. A postal clerk with whom I am intimate once pulled open a drawer to show me and an official an immense package of bills which, on the top at least, contained hundred-dollar notes, and it had been so insecurely wrapped that in a few miles the package had become broken at the corner and its contents apparent. He explained to me that almost every trip he had a similar experience, and that between him and the next man that received the money there was nothing to save him from

to burglarize express cars, how very easy it would be to rob a Government mail car in Canada in which money is shipped in large amounts as if it were paper or merchandise! A few mail clerks may be killed some of these days, and along with them a number of train men and passengers, for when resistance is offered, dynamite and similar powerful agencies are employed to carry out the object of the robbers without regard to property or the lives of those in the neighborhood. It is a wonder, in view of the appalling record in the United States, that was so often commented upon in Europe amongst presumably enlightened people during the World's Fair, that so many of the people who do not understand how things are run in this country should have ventured into the New World. It was said over there that thousands refused to come to the Exposition because they were afraid of train robbers and wreckers, and the official record which I have given is sufficient to show that their fears were not groundless if they considered the territory between New York and Chicago as dangerous as it has been shown to be between Chicago and the Pacific coast.

Notwithstanding all this, banks are continually using the Postal Department in Canada for the transmission of money in registered parcels which are mixed up with potatoes, and dry goods, and all sorts of things. It is a startling testimony to the honesty of the mail clerks and the Canadian people that so far everything has worked well, but now that an enormous floating population is drifting into the Western country where this money is being shipped, the Postoffice Department should refuse to accept money unless the amount is specified and a tariff is paid sufficiently large to enable those who have to look after the currency to properly equip themselves. The banks make enough money to avoid being so mean and reckless as they can be proven to have been. It is a crime to tempt men at small salaries with a bagful of bills. Disaster will follow this reckless handling of money, and if the disaster were likely to occur only to those whose money is at stake, the matter might be better left unmentioned, but temptation should not be offered to mail clerks and to railroad robbers which endanger the lives and property of innocent passengers and train men who have no concern in the saving of a few dollars to

THE RAINBOW OF ADAMANT

BY CHARLES
KELSEY
GAINES.

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PART I.

UNCLE AMOS is so exasperating. Of course I sent Arthur to ask him just as soon as we were engaged; but he said: "NO." Uncle Amos can say "no" in the most dreadful way.

Poor Arthur gave right up. He came out looking like a big, noble dog that's been whipped; he could hardly keep the tears back. He was angry, too; and if he hadn't been I'd never have forgiven him.

But he was really just boiling. "Your uncle called me an intrusive ass, a conceited idiot, a crack-brained enthusiast and a sneaking adventurer," he said. "Why, Jo, he treated me like a convicted chicken thief. He told me that he didn't doubt I was after your money and wanted it pretty badly, but that I'd never get it while he was alive. And, Jo, what could I say to that? You're an heiress and I haven't a cent. I couldn't answer a word." And Arthur broke down and cried like a little boy, he was so disappointed and so mad. "If he hadn't been your uncle—" he blubbered.

I knew very well that if Uncle Amos had been anybody else he would have got the full benefit of Arthur's college football practice right then and there; but if uncle had been anyone else he couldn't have been so provoking. Still, I was ashamed of Arthur; it was too flat of him to give right up just because Uncle Amos called him names. So I told him not to be a baby, and went to uncle myself.

"Uncle Amos," I said, "what makes you act so?"

Then he began to abuse Arthur. "You mustn't talk like that," I said, "for I'm going to marry him."

"Not if I can help it," said he.

"But you can't help it," said I. "Uncle Amos, you can only make things worse. You'd much better behave yourself."

Then he got a little more reasonable.

"How about the Hungarian Count?" he retorted.

That was mean. "He waltzed beautifully," I said, "and you pretty nearly drove me into marrying him out of spite. And that would have been a mistake—an awful mistake."

"And now you are bent on another."

"But with Arthur—it's different."

"Doesn't waltz so well, I suppose."

"He doesn't waltz very well, uncle; that's true. But he's clever in other ways. Professor Empsen says he has in him the making of a great chemist."

"Alchemist, rather. He hasn't a sane idea to his name. Old Faust was clever—infinitely clever—but he went to the devil; and Arthur is going to the devil."

"Uncle Amos, you mustn't talk so—not to me. I've promised to be his wife, and I'm going to keep my promise, and I'm not going—there. What makes you so dreadfully prejudiced against Arthur, uncle?"

"Because he's a worthless, empty-headed visionary, Josephine, and will make you unhappy all your days. What has he ever done?"

"Don't you remember the paper on Progressive Heating and the Caloric Rainbow which he read before the Society for the Exploitation of Alleged Impossibilities? Professor Empsen said that it showed a combination of scientific insight and constructive imagination which was simply marvelous. Only he knew of no existing substance enduring enough to sustain the experiment."

Then uncle almost choked. "A lot of tommyrot about an experiment that can't be performed with a substance that doesn't exist! Oh, yes! Arthur's clever. He'll discover the philosopher's stone before long, and perpetual motion, and the fourth dimension, and end up in the poor-house if he doesn't get into the mad-house first. You marry him—a silly school-girl the wife of an infant prodigy just graduated from Bedlam—and live on papers before the Society for the Exploitation of Impossibilities, and pay your bills with a substance that doesn't exist! For that's all you'll get. Not a dollar from me—not a dollar!"

"But the substance does exist. Arthur thinks it does, and Professor Empsen says it may—and I'm sure of it. And suppose Arthur finds it?"

"When he's finally pronounced insane you can come back to your home—alone. That's all."

You see uncle is something terrible when he gets excited. I had to keep my temper, though, because it was all so important.

"But suppose he really does find it?" I said.

"But he won't, he can't. If he does I'll throw my whole fortune into his crucible and go to the mad-house myself."

"Oh! I don't want that, uncle. I only want my own little share, and for you to be good to me, and let me have my way."

He had been storming about the room as if it wasn't big enough to hold him. All at once he sat down and looked at me.

"Will you let me have my way till he does find it, Josephine?" he asked.

"Yes, uncle."

He took both my hands in his, and I think I saw a tear in his eye. Uncle Amos is ever so good sometimes.

"Josephine," he said, "it's a shame to take advantage of your simplicity; but it's all for the best. You agree to stay at home and obey me until he discovers this preposterous stuff, provided I agree to surrender unconditionally when he does?"

"Yes, I agree. Only you must let me see him."

"Well—yes. It's a bargain, Jo. But you must keep him out of my way, or I shall hurt his feelings again. You promise me not to marry him?"

"Oh, I shall marry him, uncle. That's all arranged. But not till he finds the substance. He shall try the experiment before your own eyes, dear uncle, and show you what an unreasonable old sceptic you are."

"All right, Jo. Only keep your word; and I know you will."

"Of course I will. I think it's a lovely

arrangement. It's just as if Arthur were a real old-fashioned knight, and you had set him a task to win my hand."

"Oh, bosh!" grunted uncle, "bosh! bosh! Josephine, you are hopeless."

Then I went back to Arthur. He was sitting astride his chair leaning his elbow on the back, moping; and he looked for all the world like a discouraged bat. He hadn't the least confidence in my ability to manage uncle.

"Arthur," I said, "I've got it all arranged. Only you must hurry up and find that substance."

"What's that?—what substance, Jo?" he asked. He looked dreadfully tired, and I was sorry for him.

"That substance Professor Empsen said might exist, so that you can try your experiment. You must discover it right away."

And I told him all about my agreement with uncle.

"Oh, Jo!"—he began.

"Now, Arthur," said I, "you must show a little spirit, or I won't marry you anyway."

"It's barely possible"—he began again, in a dreary sort of way.

I stamped my foot at him then. "There isn't any doubt about it," I said. "If there wasn't any such substance, how could you describe the experiment so perfectly? Professor Empsen said it was a beautiful conception, and would make a splendid demonstration of the undulatory theory if successfully carried out. And he said that a sufficient refractory material might exist, though he didn't know of it. Now all you have to do is just to find the substance, and we'll show uncle who's right. Uncle Amos needs a lesson, really. And I'm to be the prize; I think it's a delightful plan. Now, wake up, Arthur, and don't spoil everything with your morbidness. We'll go together and talk with the Professor."

And we did.

Professor Empsen was busy in his laboratory with a lot of lenses, and tubes, and glass bulbs, and little brass machines all around him. I just love to be in a laboratory, but there wasn't any time to waste. So I told the Professor the whole story, and how he must help Arthur all he could, and not say anything to discourage him.

Dr. Empsen is a magnificent man, and he knows almost everything; but he is so terribly cautious. At first he laughed, and then he looked pretty serious. Finally he said: "There is just one element, Miss Storm, that might serve. It certainly exists, but whether it exists anywhere on earth is very doubtful. If you had asked me yesterday, I should have said that it was extremely improbable."

"Where does it exist?" I asked him.

"In the chromosphere of the sun, without question. The spectroscope proves it."

"You mean the unidentified solar element called helium?" cried Arthur, with sudden interest; "the unknown metal which gives the bright yellow line D3 in the spectrum?"

"Precisely."

All this was Greek to me. "But how can we get it?" I asked.

"I don't know that you can. The constitution of the sun is so similar to that of the earth that there is a certain presumption that all the elements which exist there exist here also. But thus far science has never discovered helium on our planet; and of course we really know nothing of its attributes. It may be highly volatile—though I do not think it—and what you want is something more enduring than adamant."

"Perhaps it is adamant," I cried.

"What has modified your opinion since yesterday?" put in Arthur.

"An experiment which I have just been making," he replied. "You shall see it yourselves."

He adjusted his spectroscope—I knew what it was, for I had seen one in the lectures at the Institute—and lit an alcohol lamp. A pale ribbon of light appeared on the screen; it's what they call a spectrum. He sprinkled a pinch of white powder upon the wick, and two little yellow lines appeared crossing the luminous band.

"That is sodium," he explained, "and will serve to determine the relative position."

He then took from a drawer what seemed to be a morsel of green, glassy stone, and began to scrape it over the lamp. As the fine dust he ground off entered the flame, a bright yellow line flashed out close beside the others.

"There," he exclaimed, "that is in the exact position of the line D3, and should indicate the presence of helium. But my specimen is hardly large enough for adequate chemical analysis, as the proportion of the unknown element contained in this mineral is apparently very small. I have no hope of separating it unless I can obtain a considerable quantity of the ore, if so I may call it."

"Where was this specimen found?" demanded Arthur.

"It was given me by an old sea captain who had become interested in mineralogy and wished to learn its nature. He chipped it off with considerable difficulty from the wall of a grotto of volcanic stone in the island of Anusia, which he visited many years ago."

"Where is this island?" I asked.

"In the Southern Pacific," replied the Professor.

"Arthur, you must go at once," I ordered him.

(To be concluded next week.)

Almost Infallible.

"Do you believe in this talk about discovering a man's character from his handwriting?"

"I do," replied Green with a sigh.

"Ever known of its being tried?"

"Yes, and with great efficacy. The experiment is most successful when the handwriting is read aloud in court."

Harry—Say, old fellow, you ought to enter for the golf tournament. This is the last day for the entries. I've entered. I should say you had a good chance for second prize. Jack—How's that? Harry—I'm the only one that's entered, so far.—*Bazar*.

A Story of To-Day.

CHAPTER I.

It WAS the Friday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Christian Relief and Comfort-for-the-Poor Association—all well-meaning, good, kind people. Mrs. Julia Johnson Ward gave an address on Women's Duty to Women. Mrs. Elliott Besant spoke on How to Relieve the Poor Girls of the City. Several ladies spoke also on subjects suitable to the occasion. After the meeting adjourned several of the ladies went for a stroll through the big departmental stores. It was "bargain" day. Fifty-cent gloves for thirty-nine cents. There were bargains—bargains everywhere; upstairs and downstairs, attic and cellar; nothing but bargains! Everybody, even the ladies belonging to the Christian Comfort and Relief Society, felt gay and happy.

CHAPTER II.

An attic room in a cheap boarding-house on Trolley street. A poor, country, orphan girl who had worked in a big departmental store lay sick unto death. She was friendless and alone. She had stood on her feet and worked for six months for the queenly salary of \$2.50 a week. After paying for her board she had twenty-five cents a week for clothes, boots, laundry and Sabbath collections. She was about handing in her last check-book. She lay there and wondered what other girl would be in her place at the bargain counter that Friday afternoon to serve Mrs. Julia Johnson Ward and the other dear ladies with fifty-cent gloves for thirty-nine cents.

CHAPTER III.

The front door-bell rings at the house on Trolley street. A lady cadet of the Salvation Army calls to see the dying girl, while the ladies of the Christian Comfort and Relief Society hustled around after bargains. The young Salvationist prayed and wept with the dying shop-girl, whose last will and request was that her clothes be sold, also the gold ring her mother had given her. This would pay the \$2.25 balance of her board bill, for the landlady had been very kind and patient with her. Her well worn Bible and hymn-book she left to the young cadet, then fell asleep, to awake in that blessed land where there is neither weeping nor wailing nor bargain days.

As the Salvation girl passed on toward her home, with tears still in her eyes, she saw one of the big departmental kings stepping into his carriage. She exclaimed, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Tom Hood's poems are true in Toronto to-day:

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.

TOM SWALWELL.

Deaths on the Stage.

THE recent tragic occurrence at the Metropolitan Opera House—the sudden death of M. Castelmary, almost in the presence of the audience—suggests a number of similar incidents in the history of the stage, writes Harry B. Smith in *Harper's Weekly*. One of the most startling of these death scenes occurred in 1817 in a theater at Leeds. Jane Shore was the play. An actor named Cummins, who played the part of Dumont, had just repeated the benedictory words:

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts:
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee and begs of Heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour.

As the last word left his lips he fell upon the stage and instantly expired. The curtain was rung down and the audience dismissed. Harley, the comedian, died while playing the role of Bottom, immediately after uttering the line, "I feel an exposition of sweet sleep come over me." John Palmer, an eminent actor of the last century, was another who died on the stage. He was playing in Liverpool, in *The Stranger*, when word was brought him of the death of his son. Though profoundly affected, he continued his performance. In the fourth act of the play occurs a scene in which Palmer's lines referred to a father's love for his children. While speaking these lines the actor was seen to be greatly agitated. The speech concludes with the words, "There is another and a better world," and when he had spoken this line Palmer fell lifeless. The audience thought he was acting and gave him a round of applause. A similar case was that of an actor named Peterson, who, while performing at the Norwich Theater, died after speaking these lines:

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.

It is well known that Molière died during a performance of his own comedy *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in which the poet was sustaining the leading part. Edmund Kean's death was nearly as tragic as his life. The last part that he played was *Othello*. His son Charles was the Iago. After speaking the line "Othello's occupation is gone," he leaned for support upon the younger actor, crying: "I am dying. Speak to them, Charles." The curtain was rung down, and the greatest of English tragedians never spoke upon the stage again.

"Where Doctors Disagree."

There has been a great deal of disagreement from time to time about the therapeutic value of sarsaparilla. In the main, authorities deny any particular medical value to the plant. "It's just an old wife's remedy," they say. And in the main they are right. There are about a dozen varieties of sarsaparilla, scattered through various countries, and of this dozen only one has any real curative power. So a man whose experience might be confined to the eleven other varieties might honestly say there was little value in them. The one valuable sarsaparilla is found in Honduras, C. A. Mondardes, a physician of Seville, records the introduction of sarsaparilla into Spain as a result of the Spanish discoveries of the New World, between 1530 and 1545. But the root did not accomplish much. But he adds, "a better sort soon after came from Honduras." It is this "better sort" that is used exclusively in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. And it is the use of this "better sort" that has given Ayer's Sarsaparilla prominence over all other varieties by reason of its wonderful cures of blood diseases. Send for the Curbook, a "story of cures told by the cured." Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gotham—And so you had a squally passage over? Sayles—Yes; you see that ship had twin propellers!—*Bazar*.

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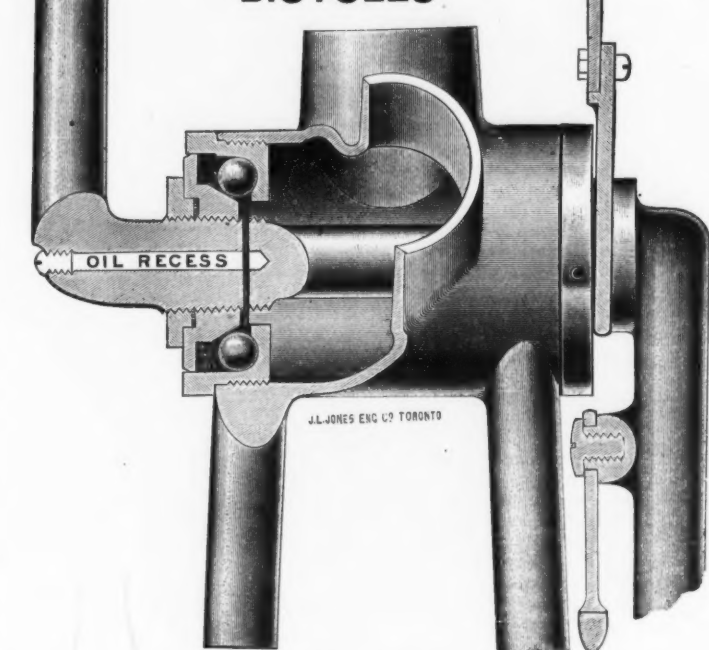
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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

neighbors in a position which they would hardly care to have exposed. Our neighbors are quite aware that we are guilty of equally glaring or much more conspicuous sins, yet they do not rush into print or issue a circular or a paper describing our peculiarities. Is it not fair, then, to believe that the newspaper should refuse to accept the idea that everything is grist which comes to its mill? Would it not be better for us to fight the scheme rather than the people?

Dirty newspaper work is the dirtiest of all occupations. As long as we expose things which are against the public good the public will support us; when we viciously assault those who are perhaps quite as cleanly in their business and political habits as we are ourselves, tolerance turns into nausea of us and sympathy for others. The great element of successfully inviting public sympathy with regard to public questions is the fact that we deal with the proposition, not the person. There may be saintly people who can stand investigation, but it is hardly possible that those who are not absolutely saintly can always wear the air of being public benefactors when personally they are malefactors and sinners against all commercial ethics and trespassers even upon the ground which is on the wrong side of the line between a beggar and a foot-pad.

It seems very hard for those who make an occasional mistake to be twitted by those who are always on the wrong side when self-interest makes it possible for an improper course to be profitable. It is hard enough to do right within the reasonable limits of one's judgment; it is harder still when even backsliding virtue finds its harshest critics in the vicious, and when the offending brother hears the loudest guffaw from those who have never been righteous at all, or at least not enough so to make a pretense of observing the difference between right and wrong.

Those who are trying to do something either for themselves, their community or their country, are much superior to those who care for nothing except the material things, such as the "daily bread," mentioned in the Lord's Prayer, and which are the only things they appreciate in the supplication. Then why should the strugglers be cast out and the idlers be made to jeer at their discomfort? It cannot be denied that all is selfishness, more or less refined. The idea is susceptible of attack, the scheme may be exposed, but why should the person be stripped naked and the lash be applied? If these castigations in the market-place, these duckings under the town pump are to go on and men are to be placed in the stocks without trial, then let the rule be general and all the sinners be the sufferers. If this be done, all of us no doubt will be given a worse idea of ourselves, but surely we cannot expect to see much better results in the case of our neighbor.

Dr. Nansen's search for the North Pole has made him the hero of the hour, and so it is with all these North Pole hunters, who live on blubber and soap-fat and the hope of being able to get back home and tell the listening populace a marvelous tale of adventure, and are almost worshipped. It is a good and chivalric impulse in human nature which admires the mighty hunter-explorer, and without it the world would have been left to grow swarms of pigmies without impulse towards emigration and in the countries of Europe the people would have been as narrow as the Chinese. Livingstone and Stanley, and those who hunted for the source of the Nile, the Niger and the Congo, are remembered reverently and their books are read with unbounded enthusiasm by the boys as well as the men of civilization. Stories as told by Fenimore Cooper of hunters and deer-slayers, have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, much to the disgust of the austere professors, who would be glad to see their pupils delight in something else. The gold-hunters, too, have made the world mad with excitement in every land, and nowhere is the excitement at the present moment greater than in Canada itself. The hunters after buried cities, the archaeological explorers, hunters like Audubon after strange flora and fauna, have become famous. The old-book hunters, hunters after strange tongues and queer inscriptions, the hunters after the sources of religions, even the hunters-up of pedigrees, and those hunters who go out hunting after deer, which, with the assistance of dogs, they slaughter without any danger to themselves, all have a great hold upon the public fancy. Women, of course, do not esteem these hunters for the same reason as men do, but mostly because they are people of renown, and the lion of the hour is always sure to attract the brightest glances of feminine eyes.

Women, however, are themselves hunters. They hunt for husbands; when they are married they hunt for houses and for opportunities to become socially prominent, or for places in which their children may have the best things of life. But to arouse the real instinct of the hunt in a woman, start her out after a bargain. Dr. Nansen is not in it with her in overcoming obstacles or in suffering privations. Livingstone's glory pales beside that of the feminine portion of our race when they scent upon the air something being sold somewhere "at below cost." Stanley's trip into Darkest Africa is child's play when ranged alongside the explorations of a dame

who is going through a bargain counter. Of food she thinks nothing; her home and family are forgot; the exasperated husband is no more to her than a man-eating tiger is to the big-game hunter of the jungles. Her elbows are inserted into the floating ribs of her neighbors as she jostles past; in her eye there is the wild light of conquest; in her voice are the stern notes of a nature deeply aroused, and even the wounded lion at bay would turn tail and run whining away from an onslaught so fierce and a courage so rare—as is displayed in the bargain-hunter. The girls behind the counters cease to be regarded as human beings when the Bargain-Hunter gets blood in her eye. If she has a companion they talk incoherently, and each tries to forestall the other in the purchase of commercial tit-bits.



After the Battle.

They can hardly wait for their change before making a fresh onslaught in some other locality. They turn over goods which under ordinary circumstances they would no more think of buying than of putting their gas-stoves in the parlor. They pinch things, rub things, in the case of a fire-sale small things; stand in a trance before two-cent ribbons, and make life unbearable to three-dollar-a-week clerks; climb elevators; rush through acres of rheumatic furniture; look at carpets; examine blankets; demand to be shown twenty-seven different kinds of curtains; gaze in a bewildered way at children's clothes; wind up by buying a spool of cotton or a penny package of hair-pins, and then go home feeling certain that their neighbors got no better bargains than they did.

A half a day of such sport adds years to a woman's life, keeps her liver right and her hair from turning gray. Next to bicycling in bloomers it is one of the most charming and artistic sports of the century, and the sporting columns of the daily papers are missing a great opportunity in not giving more space to the bargain-day athletes. We should be told, if these newspapers had any style about them, who won the Cup in getting goods at less than cost. Amateurs and professionals should be classified, for as a matter of fact the biggest prizes are being picked up at the first opening of the bargain counter by people who purchase stuff to sell



Babes in arms.

over again, and after these hawks have gotten away with the spoils the majority of the bargain-hunters are fishing in empty waters. However, this tip to the sporting editors will doubtless be followed up. Golf and hockey, billiards and lawn tennis are not in it with bargain-stalking or the Ladies' City Hunt Club, which requires of its members that they rise at dawn and stand in line until the doors of the Bazaar are opened. Judges should be appointed to note which is the swiftest sprinter along the counter, and prizes should be given to the lady whose eye spots the cheapest ticket first. Bargain-hunting suits should be invented, with capacious pockets for those who have no time to ask the price. These pockets may not be used, but for reasons which may be hereafter set forth I never feel quite sure of the honesty of anybody who wants to get something for nothing or for less than it should cost.

DOS.

Social and Personal.

The progressive given by Mrs. Melvin-Jones, in celebration of her daughter's coming of age, was a veritable gala affair, being additionally interesting as the house-warming party of her elegant home. A night of rain and fog damped everything out-of-doors, but people who braved the elements found themselves repaid as soon as they entered that shining portal at Llawhaden, for there summer reigned, and blaze of light and scent of flowers mingled to enhance the brilliancy and luxury of the *mise-en-scene*. Mrs. Melvin-Jones, in an exquisite white brocade gown, with bertha of embroidered chiffon, lace and a few rich jewels, received in the library, and the guests soon sought the spot where the fair daughter of the house was busy accepting congratulations and distributing the daintiest little floral tablets, on which were inscribed names historical, dramatic or purely mythological, as the case might be. As each received his or her card and eulogy tally, the air resounded with such disjointed sentences as follow: "Can anyone tell me who goes with Cupid, Venus or Psyche?" "Where's my Napoleon?" "Come here, Joan, I'm your Darby!" "Ten cents to the man who discovers Robin Hood. This suspense is killing me." "Say, is it Napoleon or General Lefebvre to whom I should belong?" from a bewildered Madame Sans-Gene. The noble general, who happened to be a handsome Scotchman (I know it, because he can say the twenty-third Psalm in Gaelic!) promptly reminded the madame of her wifely duty, and the two went off to their table in great amity. The pairing took time, but was no end of fun, and about ten o'clock the beautiful Louis XV. *salon*, the corridor and the library were filled with quartettes competing for the prizes, which a little bird had whispered were "perfectly sweet." Finally Mrs. Covert Moffatt won the first ladies' prize, while Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Mrs. Dunstan cut for the second, the former lady winning.

Mr. Springer of Manitoulin Island and Mr. Willie Bunting secured first and second gentlemen's prizes. By the way, I heard a great many nice things said about Mr. Springer, who is most popular, having taken everyone by his bright and gentlemanly manner and perfect *bon-homme*, and all are glad to keep him as long as possible from returning to his rather inaccessible home. Mrs. Kroh of New York is another visitor in town who makes friends at once by her clever and piquant manner and charming face. Mr. Hubbard, the most genial and delightful *mondain* I have met for some time, was also a guest at Llawhaden. Many of the company had seen the full beauty of this new home for the first time, and many were the whispered remarks of pleasure and admiration heard. At midnight an excellent supper was served in the billiard-room from the dining-room, where a buffet had been spread all evening, and the quartettes overflowed into the hall. The birthday cake, with its hidden "fortunes" of ring, money and bachelor's button, was cut by Miss Melvin-Jones, and a toast was drunk to her health and prosperity, with three cheers and a chorus enthusiastically rendered. With a composure which verifies my former remark about this charming girl, she responded in half a dozen well expressed remarks, and then came the bundling-up, and the shouting for carriages, and the juicy and darksome night. A few of the fourscore guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, the lady in gold-colored brocade with green velvet bands and many knots of violets—a beautiful gown; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, in her favorite turquoise and touches of pale pink; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, in blue; Mrs. George Dunstan, in yellow and white; Mrs. Covert Moffatt, in black; Mrs. Cameron, in cream satin; Mrs. Duggan, in cream with an immense bouquet of violets; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, a picture, in white satin and pink roses; Mrs. James Crowther were a very pretty gown, and Mrs. Cecil Gibson a white and pale blue frock. Among the young people were: Miss Cox, Miss Harriet Leverich, the Misses Smart, Mr. Worts Smart, Miss Palmer, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. Jack Macdonald, the Misses Fitzgerald, Miss May Walker, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. Hugo Ross, Messrs. Cosby, Mr. Broughall, the Misses Gertrude and Alice Thompson, Miss H. Armstrong, the Misses Dupont, Miss Constance Temple, the Misses Coldham, Mr. Harry Gault, Mr. Kelso, Mr. Seagram, Mr. Hay, Miss Louie James, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Wissner, the Misses Michie, Miss Bessie Hees, Miss Trixie Hoskin, Mr. Awdry Hoskin, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Ernest Wright, the Misses Rowand, Miss Edith J. Miller, the Misses Cattanch, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. Roelbottom, Mr. Henry Duggan, Mr. Kerr Osborne, Mr. Denison, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. Arthur Ross, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Miss Kay, Dr. Myers, Mr. A. Nordheimer and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King.

Mrs. Marani and her little sons, with Miss Amy Mason, left on Friday for British Columbia, where Miss Mason will probably visit until the autumn.

The cutest of cosy corners was upholstered with Indian gold-embroideries, lace and satin, at the eucure at Llawhaden; a little nook under the stairs where the adage that "two is company" was illustrated by compulsion, the winners at the head table having to retire into its tiny precincts and remain there during one game. Once a girl emerged with an awed expression, and informed me in a tragic whisper, "I've just been in the cosy corner with a man I don't know." The possible awkwardness of such a chance made us both very merry. *Figures-vous comme c'était drôle!*

The last number of *The Musical Courier* contains interesting mention of the work of Miss Lillian Littlehales with her cello in New York. The paper says: "Last Saturday evening Miss Littlehales played at the Tuxedo for the Young Men's Union of the Society of Ethical Culture, and had great success. After her second solo she was recalled three times, and being unable to respond to the demand still made for another encore number (on account of a second engagement that night) it was announced she was forced to hurry away before the programme could be proceeded with. The same night she played at a very swell musical at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson McMillen of West Fifty-eighth street." During the next few weeks Miss Littlehales has a number of engagements in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Mrs. Coursoles Jones and her daughters are stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones. Major Jones has recently been most successful in some electric light enterprise, I am told, and has made quite a fortune, whereat all his old friends wish him joy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson of 16 Glen road leave on Sunday for New York and will sail on Monday for Florida.

Miss Hattie Carley of Barrie returned home this week after a pleasant stay with friends in the city.

Mr. Scott is still missed from his teller's box in the Dominion Bank by many friends and customers, and has had a very tiresome siege of it with a lame knee. Everyone will be glad to see him at his post again, quite restored.

One of Toronto's few bewitching women (as a rule, we're not quite that, you know!) attended church the other day after a rather long sin of omission. The parson chose as his dilating point the actual mouth of hell, telling the congregation to fancy a stakehole, and then fancy it a hundred times hotter, and believe that one who was sinful would lie there for eternity and suffer, rather! The bewitching woman came home quite a wreck from trying to realize this and numerous other frightful things she was obliged to listen to that day.

A delightful woman is Mrs. Kennedy of Fort McLeod, who has been visiting friends in College street this month. Mrs. Kennedy awaited the return of her husband, Dr. Kennedy, from England, and with him returned to the North-West last week.

Professor Leigh R. Gregor, B.A., Ph.D. of

McGill University, who was visiting friends in Toronto recently, and made many friends here, has been lecturing on prominent French-Canadian litterateurs. The clever Professor gave a most interesting and scholarly sketch of the causes which retain like a halo the classic atmosphere which surrounds the French-Canadian writer. His principal examples were Philippe de Gaspe, Louis Frechette and Octave Cremazie, of whom the Professor places Frechette at the head. De Gaspe is the most engaging and Cremazie the most classic, while Frechette is more readable and vigorous. I have heard that there is some possibility of Professor Gregor's being in Toronto ere long, when his friends should besiege him to give them this very instructive and delightful lecture.

Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle, with their two pretty children, Irene and Gordon, and a maid, are to sail by the Aurnia for England to-day for a visit of several months. Mrs. Doolittle's sisters, Mrs. MacAry of Montreal and Miss Pearson of Toronto, are to be also of the party. Dr. Doolittle has leased a house in Kenilworth for the summer, whence are ideal cycling roads in every direction, so that the favorite fad will be fully enjoyed by great and small.

From Cannes comes the news of the success of Miss Florence Brimmon, the *protegee* of Mrs. Morrow, whose name in Toronto will always be a synonym for generosity, and whose graceful kindness and goodness have made her the beloved of all. A reception at which both these ladies were present, was the occasion of Miss Brimmon's signal triumph. She sang five times, each song being rapturously received, and the most distinguished guests being by their request presented to her. The following is a list of a few of those present at the reception, which was given by La Marquise de Loys Chaudieu, at the Villa dubufe: The Princess de la Cour St. Cassie, niece of the King of the Belgians and sister of the Duchesse d'Orleans, the Duke of Cambridge Capt. FitzGeorge, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Viscount de Nantois, Comte de Montesquin, Comte and Comtesse de Pourtales, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow and Miss Brimmon.

Mr. Roy Macdonald's Montreal dancing classes are the success of the season. On Friday last some of his pupils gave a matinee performance in the Queen's Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mrs. Wilson-Smith, Mrs. Stanley Bagg, Mrs. Fayette Brown, Mrs. Dobbins, Mrs. J. P. B. Casgrain, Mrs. Ledoux, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Mosely, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. G. Ross, Mrs. J. N. Greenshields, Mrs. R. D. McGibbon and many others. English and French skit-dancing, Spanish and Italian fancy dances, hornpipes, flings, and so on, were given by ladies and gentlemen. A little bird tells me that some of our Toronto ladies have delighted the Professor by their aptness and grace, and I hope some of them may be induced to let a circle of friends enjoy the development of their natural ability by their clever teacher at no distant date.

A Bowmanville wedding, which will interest some Toronto people and bring to us another young hostess, took place on Friday of last week, when Mr. William J. O'Hara of this city was married to Miss Alicia Simpson, youngest daughter of the late Senator Simpson. Miss Greta Simpson and Miss Lillian O'Hara were bridesmaids, Mr. Will Darby of Toronto was best man. Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara are to reside at 227 Carlton street.

Someone says our friend, Judge Finkle, has promised to be here for the Horse Show, as if anything but a stroke of lightning would keep him away from it! A race meet or a horse show without him would be only half-baked, not well done, as we all know. Promise, indeed!

The Lieutenant-Governor is at the sea-side and reports continue to be of the most satisfactory about him.

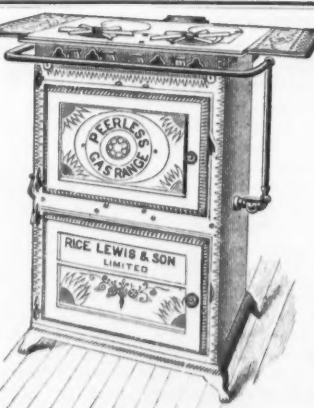
Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski reached his eighty-fourth birthday on Friday of last week, and those who love him and respect him so thoroughly call him not Canada's grand old man, but Canada's Knight, *sans peur et sans reproche!*

King street was blockaded on Monday morning by a frantic crowd of bargain-mad females, whose struggles put to shame the comic papers. No doubt there was a chance of picking up cheap flurries, but, ye gods! through what a fight and fracas! I never saw anything quite so dreadful.

Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Street Macklem have reached Genoa and are enjoying Southern Europe.

A Hamilton man is the latest reported to have a chance for Government House. Isn't it time for clever Hunter to set us up a picture gallery of the various likely and unlikely aspirants to the shoes of that most popular of all, Governor Kirkpatrick?

The Misses Coles of 30 Balmuto street gave a delightful progressive pedro on Monday of last week. The first ladies' prize was won by Miss C. Doherty, and first gentlemen's prize by Mr. Washer of Detroit. After the score of friends present had partaken of the endless variety of delicacies, an enjoyable programme of dances followed.



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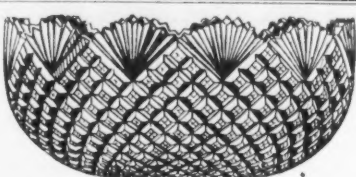
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Social and Personal.

Last Saturday's lecture in the English University course now current at Trinity was given to a very fine audience by the Provost, Rev. Ashurst Welch, and proved another treat. The Provost, overlooked by the splendid paintings of those two other Provosts, Strachan and Whittaker, seemed over-youthful to step into their capacious shoes, but in his scholarly, refined and thoughtful periods it was impossible to discover lack of culture or experience, and only the fresh, clear tones of his voice suggested that the lecturer had been one of the undergraduates whose *menage*, work and play he so charmingly set before us in the course of his interesting lecture, and that not much above half a score of years ago. There were plenty of amusing touches in this lecture, and some sly revelations of the pranks of a dignitary on whom the Provost wickedly told tales out of school, to the delight of the students and the ladies, and the heightened complexion of the respected dignitary aforesaid. The Provost's pleasant way of unfolding the daily routine of the undergraduate at Cambridge; his avowal of his conviction that the college bed-makers slept and probably were buried in their bonnets, those wonderful bodies who prig the tea, drink the wine, and whose standard of a perfect gentleman is that "his ma comes to see him in a coach and pair;" his determination to accompany his own son (aged less than one) to Cambridge when his time comes, not so much to see him settled as to have a good time himself (as is the way of former undergraduates), with plenty more playful and serious talk, made the time fairly fly, and five o'clock surprised the audience. After the lecture several delightful teas detained a favored few, Professor Cayley giving one in college, at which Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem and other friends were present, and the Provost and Mrs. Welch welcoming about a dozen friends to the Provost's house. Among those who were there I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Gemmill Shaw, Miss Mamie Fitzgerald, Mrs. Cummings, Hon. G. W. Allan (who was chairman of the lecture), Mrs. and Miss Renwick, Rev. Louis Jordan and Mrs. Jordan, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, and Miss Playter.

Miss McLean Howard has been visiting Dr. Annie Backus, who, I was sorry to hear, has not been well since her return home.

Mrs. J. W. F. Ross returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Acheson, in Middletown, Conn., and a short stay in New York, on last Saturday.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, who have been down in Aiken with Mr. and Mrs. McCuskill Warden, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong, who has been laid up for a long time with a broken ankle, is able to be about a little.

The evening popularly known as society night at the opera is Friday, and on that evening of last week a bumper house greeted the Whitney Opera Company in Brian Boru, which was pretty and funny enough to have enlivened a duller evening. Only one box party ornamented the sacred enclosures, which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Will Hyslop, their handsome guest, Mrs. Clarke of Guelph, being with her host and others. The stalls were filled with well known people, and the wearers of hats were almost a unit, if one may accomplish an Irishism, in compliment to Brian Boru. The orchestra was augmented by several performers, a handsome lady harpist being seated outside the well, and a pianist doing the honors within. Everyone greatly enjoyed the opera and declared themselves charmed with the actors, actresses and scenery. As to the music, apart from the well known "Harp that Once—" "St. Patrick's Day and one or two other fugitive Irish "chimes," it might have been any one's. The views of the Wicklow Hills and the Bay of Dublin were excellent and made many of us long to be there!

The rumor is that this year's C. W. A. meet is to be held in Chatham, where no doubt great exertions will be made to distance the hospitality records of other cities and towns which have had the hilarious company of the jolly wheeling fraternity on former First of July celebrations.

Last Saturday's hockey match at the Victoria Rink was attended by many enthusiasts, both sexes being well represented. One lovely gown attracted notice, a delicate light gray trimmed with fluffy light gray fur and white and gold embroidery, with a dainty flower-wreathed toque and a jeweled girdle. Spring, which after weeping a bit on Friday had turned back on Saturday, seemed just around the corner when the pretty face and pretty gown illumined the scene.

This afternoon Rev. Arthur Baldwin of All Saints' will open the ball for Oxford with personal reminiscences, in Trinity Convocation Hall. Mr. Baldwin is so popular and so capable of (anything) that his lecture will probably be an extremely attractive one to many. The rector of All Saints' is a most original lecturer and delights in making his audiences "sit up" with unheard-of quotations and stories which are without parallel. We shall see!

A delightful little tea to a chaperone and half a score of girls was given in College by Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson on Monday afternoon, in honor of Misses Eva and Stella Evanturel. Half a dozen Trinity men were also of the party, and three languages at least were in use with equal proficiency by certain and sundry. Most delightful is Mr. McKeown's German, while the young French ladies chatted in *la belle langue*, and took fits of laughter at the wild replies which brave young men made to their playful sallies. It was difficult to convince such that a piece of *gateau*, should be an *ourecu*; piece meant piece, and he meant piece, and refused utterly to consider *ourecu*.

Mrs. Grasett's was another Saturday tea on the west side, at which a very select party was in attendance.

The Polyglot Fortnightly Club held a reunion at the residence of Mrs. Will Rose, 677 Spadina avenue, on Saturday evening, which was rather

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A high-class musical than a conversational evening. Professor Macpherson sang, Mrs. Macpherson played, each being artists in their way; Mr. and Mrs. Youngheart also sang; Madame Walther delighted the Club with some charming songs; Monsieur Walther played with his usual power; Monsieur Masson gave a recitation of a *monologue* by Francois Coppee, most pathetic and interesting, and a dainty *petit souper* was served about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Rose is an accomplished French scholar, and, as well, a hostess among a thousand, and her evening was full of pleasant interest to the fortunate guests.

Miss Brown, who has been visiting the Misses Coldham in Madison avenue, returned home last Friday. Following the example set by Miss Whittaker some time ago, she gathered her scalps remorselessly. Some of our young men say such lovely things about the Toledo girls, for which they should be judiciously made

sorry by certain Toronto girls, and no doubt the said Toronto girls will attend to it unless the idea occurs to them to visit Toledo, when a more just punishment may be theirs to administer.

Miss Anna Rutherford Peabody's marriage to Mr. John T. Wainwright will take place in Calvary church, New York, at three o'clock on Easter Monday. The event will interest Toronto people, as Miss Lydia R. Harman Brown of 94 Wellington place is to be one of Miss Peabody's six bridesmaids. Their frocks and the general decorative scheme of the function are to be in pink and white. A reception for the bridal party and family only will follow the ceremony.

The private view at Roberts' galleries of the Woman's Art Association was numerous attended, and as will be seen in the Art Column the exhibit was of quite super-excellence. Some very fine pen-and-ink work was in the second gallery. I noticed Miss Beatrice Sullivan's name, and also Mrs. E. E. Elliott's to some nice bits, though another artist had the more ambitious study. Some of the many well known people who were at the private view were: President and Mrs. Loudon, Professor and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, Justice and Mrs. McLennan, Mrs. and Miss Buchan, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. J. A. Paterson, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. and Miss Denison, Mrs. and Miss Ogden, Miss Rowand, Mrs. and Miss Cartwright, Mrs. Hagarty of Portage la Prairie, Mrs. and Miss Proctor, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. W. S. Lee, and scores of others.

Miss Louie Janes returned last week from a February visit to her *de-vant* guest, Mrs. Hudson, in New York. During her stay Miss Janes was a guest at the very successful Charity Ball and many other delightful affairs.

Mrs. Marani was unfortunately laid up with la grippe on Monday, and unable to receive all the good wishes of those who called for a regretful *adieu*. Mrs. Herbert Mason is happily well enough to return home this week, and I hear Master Douglas has also come from Ridley College to be nursed for a time at Erneleigh.

Mrs. Willie Gwynn has safely reached the convalescent stage, and those who have been torn with anxiety for her during her siege of scarlet fever are in peace and thankfulness once more. Love, care and solicitude have been aroused everywhere by the sore peril of this bright and charming young matron, and congratulations flow in to husband and children on her recovery.

A very strong point made by the Provost in his lecture on Saturday and emphasized by the chairman, Hon. G. W. Allan, whose word on any such question is with power, was the advantage of cultured and refined environment on the forming tastes and character of a young man. The atmosphere which surrounds the youth permeates and moulds his higher nature, and such an atmosphere, thick with reverent traditions, inspiring memories and living examples of all that is noble in intellect and heart, stamps the young fellow with the hallmark of gentleman. Even in this new country, when some prodigal Englishman runs amuck, we say, with added regret and wonder at his ill-doing, "He was an Oxford or a Cambridge man." Thus we acknowledge the subtle influence which should have done much for him, the standard to have once enjoyed which makes his fall all the lower.

Lent gives us many leisure hours from the beck and call of social engagements. Clubs are formed for six weeks of solid reading, about art maybe, or some course of study on some useful subject, or a thorough acquaintance with some author whom we may have been forced to slight in busier days. Then there are Easter offering clubs, where we sew our finger ends off, with some insane idea that it is more blessed so to do, and talk gossip, than to accomplish ten times as much with a sewing-machine and consequent silence of tongues. There are visiting clubs, when each young woman takes a district, hunts up the needy inhabitants, goes out with ten dollars to distribute and comes home with a red car-ticket and the measles! There are fretful girls who have promised to give up afternoon tea, and sulky girls who have vowed not to eat chocolates, and all the well-intentioned strainers at gnats, swallowing camels, humps and all! It were time, as someone has said elsewhere, that such should cease, which isn't good English, but good enough, perhaps, for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and their eldest son have had a glorious time in the regions around the Mediterranean. They met Mrs. Lachlan McFarlane during their wanderings and she is looking as well and pretty as she did over half a score of years ago, and thoroughly enjoying her travels abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers will be home next month.

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe has been quite ill for three weeks or more, but is now better.



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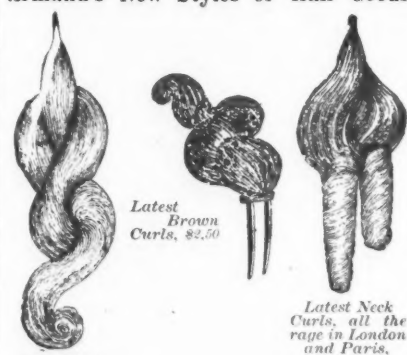


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A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART 3.
—BY—
CELESTE ANTHONY HOPE
Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," &c.
[Copyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins.]

PART III.
H Aving done thorough justice to his breakfast, Fred was eager to start; his bicycle was itself again and he panted for action. Mr. Forrester offered no opposition. Marcia knew well how anxious he must be to get them away; any moment might reveal the secret to which she was such an unwilling party. And how gladly she herself would turn her back on the house! Yet Noel Forrester was so kind and attentive, so prodigal in his offers of guidance, of escort and of provisions, that in her heart she could not help being a little sorry for him. Under other circumstances, freed from bad influences and bad surroundings, how nice he might have been! So she thought as, in a final visit to that hateful blue room, she put on her hat; then she came downstairs to rejoin the men. As she appeared Fred cried:

"Ah, here's my sister-in-law! Come along, Marcia."

She came slowly; Fred, in the ardor of youth, ran to his bicycle and prepared to mount. Noel Forrester took hold of Marcia's and held it in readiness for her. He was looking now quite grave, rather reproachful, and not a little puzzled. Marcia could not avoid him; that wretched Fred was already at the gate. She came up and took her machine from his hands. He looked at her for a moment. "Really," he observed, in a plaintive tone, "it would be convenient if, before you and Mr. Forrester start on another tour, you just made up your minds what relations you are. Any relationship you like, you know; but it's better that you should be in the same story about it. Celeste and I never differ."

For a moment Marcia was silent; then the flood of her wrath broke through all control. "I don't see how you can talk!" she cried, with an angry toss of her head. "I only told a harmless fib. You—"

"I didn't even do that," said Mr. Forrester. "But I agree; I don't see how I can talk." He leant forward with an air of mystery. "Your secret is safe. Keep mine. If we meet again it must be as strangers." Then, resuming his ordinary manner and smiling pleasantly, he lifted his hat and wished her better fortune on her ride than the previous day had afforded.

"Well!" said Marcia, as she rode down to the gate. But when she reached the road she turned her head for a moment. Mr. Forrester was no longer to be seen; but from a window above the porch a white arm waved a handkerchief in farewell, and she caught one glance of a laughing, mischievous face. Thus insulted her even until the end.

Presently Fred slackened his pace and allowed her to overtake him. He was smiling.

"Rather a romantic adventure for a young widow," said he, in fraternal chaff. "All alone with a handsome young man! I say, we mustn't talk about it, Marcia."

"Heavens, I don't want to talk about it! It was horrible!" cried Marcia.

"The ingratitude of woman!" Forrester said it was delightful.

"He is the most odious man I ever met."

"He seemed to me a very good chap," Fred's smile grew broader. "Must find it rather slow, though, living all alone there," he added compassionately.

All alone! Marcia could not answer in words, but deep and awful scorn overspread her features. All alone, indeed! All alone!

It is sad to reflect that in most cases follies are more irksome to look back on than grave offences, and we recollect with greater irritation the occasions on which we have seen ridiculous than the acts which we admit to have been wrong. Although two years had elapsed, her brief visit to Mr. Noel Forrester, with its attendant circumstances, was still a bitter memory to Mrs. Nettleton. She had never told anybody about it; she could not bring herself to a disclosure so humiliating; even Fred had been left in ignorance, both of his sister-in-law's light crime and of her severe punishment. Once or twice in London Marcia had passed Mr. Forrester in the streets. She had waved in her purpose, but he had shown no such hesitation; his absolute unconsciousness had relieved her from making up her mind whether she should ignore him altogether or give him a cold bow, which would convey a rebuke even more severe. As for Celeste—but she did not move in circles where she would be likely to see or hear of Celeste. She still grew hot when she thought of that lady's cool insolence, and of the blue room's flaunting luxury.

Just now Marcia was returning to London in October, rather earlier than was her wont. She wanted to see Fred. She was anxious about him. He had fallen in love again, and this time the matter seemed serious. His letters had been full of it. Miss Vincent's name appeared continually. Her charms were sung with ardor, but it appeared that she was capricious and rather difficult to understand. Marcia thought that Fred needed advice; a woman's dispassionate inspection and opinion would be of value. So she wrote and told Fred that she would join him at his mother's house for a few weeks; thus she could give him the benefit of her experience and judgment, because after all (and in spite of one or two silly incidents in her life) she was wiser than Fred, as well as being a year his senior. Fred responded cordially to her suggestion, adding with solemnity that his personal affairs were approaching a crisis.

On arriving at the house, which was in the neighborhood of Sloane street, Marcia found a letter waiting for her in the hall. She opened it eagerly and read: "I'm going to meet her tonight. If I can I shall. Please sit up for me." "Oh, I do hope she's nice!" said Marcia with a pang of fear and doubt. She wished that she had come in time to offer counsel.

When she had dined she betook herself to Fred's sanctum, and fell into a large arm-chair in front of a bright little fire. Now she was in

a more hopeful mood and found herself wishing success to Fred. Marriage was a good condition, she reflected. She became rather forlorn when she thought how lonely her own life had been for the last five years; there was nothing wrong in dreaming how different it might become if she happened to meet—well, under other conditions. Then, by a sudden and fantastic trick of memory, the face of Noel Forrester seemed to appear for a moment before her eyes. How handsome he was! And really his manners were very fascinating. Under other influences—Marcia sighed, smiled and leant back, raising her eyes to Fred's mantelpiece.

Had there been a bystander he would have seen a strange and alarming alteration in her face. Her smile vanished, her lips hung open in wonder and growing alarm. For a moment she sat, staring up; then she rose in a slow and rigid fashion, advanced to the mantelpiece, bent forward, gasped a long "Oh!" and stretched out her hand. A large full-length photograph stood close by the clock; it represented a tall, fair, slender girl of great attractions, elegantly dressed; at the foot might be read in bold handwriting: "Very sincerely yours, Celestine Vincent." Marcia read this inscription several times; for many moments she scanned the handsome face. Surely she was wrong! But hope refused to come to her call. She was sure—and she was right. The photograph could not lie; the proud, mocking smile was impressed on her memory. How came the thing here? A certainty, heavy as lead, bitter as death, fell upon her. The picture was there because its original was Fred's new idol; and Fred's new idol was his sister-in-law's old acquaintance. Celestine was Celeste. Miss Vincent was the person whom she had been told that she was at liberty to call Mrs. Forrester. She drew a long gasping breath as she murmured:

"Oh, but it's too horrible to be true!"
Alas, the optimism which peeped out in this observation was powerless against the cold cruelty of facts. One hope only remained. Celestine Vincent was without doubt Celeste (although by no means without doubt Celeste Forrester), but it was barely possible that she might not be Fred's present flame. An instant later this short-lived hope was killed. By the picture lay a little note; Marcia caught at it. It bore the date of the very day, and it said: "Yes; I shall be there about ten. Don't be late.—C. V."

"It's true!" cried Marcia, falling back in the arm-chair, a pitiable spectacle. "Oh, poor boy, poor boy! Oh, what am I to do? Vincent indeed! Vincent! I suppose the creature calls herself just whatever happens to be convenient."

A great resolution formed itself in her mind. Here was a task for her. She must and would save Fred. If necessary he must be told the truth, the cruel truth; but she might be able to spare him that. She would appeal to the woman herself; she would threaten exposure; she would, at the cost of any agony to herself, communicate with the man Forrester. The thing must be stopped; the woman must be terrified into relinquishing her prey. As Marcia came to this conclusion a secret fierce joy pervaded her soul. She would not only save Fred; she would revenge on that pair the laughter and insults of two years ago. Mrs. Nettleton made ready for battle, and in these preparations the evening wore away quickly.

A step sounded on the stairs. Fred burst in, radiant and triumphant. Success had crowned his suit; the world was rosy-colored. Marcia did not know what to say, what to do, how to look.

"I'd only just time," cried Fred. "The moment she'd—she'd said yes, you know, we were interrupted by some fool. But I'm going to lunch with her to-morrow. You must come and see her soon, Marcia. She's simply the most beautiful!—Oh, but there she is on the mantelpiece; you can see for yourself."

Marcia could see, and had seen, for herself. "I've often spoken to her about you. She seems so interested in you," said Fred, beaming broadly. "She'd always rather talk about me and my people than about herself."

Marcia was not surprised at that. Some subjects are difficult.

"In fact, I don't believe she's got many people."

Marcia thought that was very likely the case, or anyhow that she would very likely say so.

"At any rate, they don't seem to see much of her."

Marcia was sure that they must have seen more than enough of her.

"Oh, by the way, she knows Forrester."

"What?"

"That good chap who was so kind to you. Come, you remember him, Marcia."

"Oh, yes, of course; yes, I remember him."

"She says she used to see a good deal of him at one time. What? Oh, I thought you spoke."

She was awfully amused to hear about you and him—said she'd chaff him when she next saw him."

Marcia rose abruptly.

"I'm tired, Fred. I shall go to bed," she said. She must have time to think.

"All right, dear. Wish me joy, though, before you go."

"I hope, I do hope, all will turn out for the best, Fred." Marcia moved toward the door, but paused a moment. "Where does she live?" she asked in an indifferent tone.

"Thirty-nine Tangent Terrace—a jolly little house. I've only been there once, though."

"Yes, I don't suppose she'd let him see too much of her house," reflected Marcia as she went to bed. "Well, she'll have a visitor she doesn't expect to-morrow—and before lunch!"

For the ardor of battle was on Mrs. Nettleton. The wretch's effrontery was too barefaced; she must be taught a lesson. "I won't spare her! She told me she was Mrs. Forrester. Well, I'll

ask for Mrs. Forrester." Marcia laughed in bitter exultation as she pictured the dismay of her enemy.

At half-past ten the next morning Mrs. Nettleton alighted from a cab at the door of 39 Tangent Terrace and rang the bell with a determined air. A maid-servant (not Susan, but a young girl) opened the door. With an acid smile Marcia asked: "Is Mrs. Forrester at home?" and waited to see the effect of her question.

A look of some surprise or indecision appeared on the maid's face; she hesitated.

"I am Mrs. Nettleton—Mrs. Nettleton," said Marcia, enjoying the maid's confusion. "Please tell your mistress that I'm here. Say I come on business."

"Yes, ma'am. Will you step in and wait for a moment?"

Marcia stepped in and found herself in a prettily furnished hall. The maid then showed her into a small sitting-room on the ground floor, and left her there. This room also was very pretty, but Marcia recognized with grim satisfaction an engraving which had decorated the walls of that never forgotten blue room. She had not long for inspection; in a few minutes the door opened and the enemy appeared. Celeste entered, looking very charming in a neat morning frock. Her face showed no surprise; she was smiling in quite her old fashion.

"I think it must be me whom you wish to see, Mrs.—er—Nettleton," said she. "Pray sit down."

"Thank you, I'd rather stand," answered Marcia stiffly.

"Just as you like," said Celeste pleasantly, as she seated herself in a low chair and looked up at Marcia. "Well?" she added, after a short pause. Then, seeming to recollect, she went on: "Oh, I suppose you've come about Mr. Nettleton?"

"About my brother-in-law."

"Yes; he is your brother-in-law, isn't he? Really, I mean? You see, you must tell me the truth, now, because I'm going to marry him! I can't think why you said such a curious thing before." Celeste's eyes expressed innocent but aggrieved wonder.

"It was not so curious as what you said," observed Marcia.

"Oh, but you know that was only a joke! Now, didn't you? I knew you never believed that Mr. Forrester was married to me—not really married, you know. If he had been, of course I couldn't have been going to marry your brother-in-law, because Mr. Forrester's still alive. I see him quite often. Indeed, he was here yesterday."

"Here yesterday!" exclaimed Marcia. She had told herself that she was prepared for anything, but her anticipations had not included this.

"Yes. I dare say he'll come to-day."

"To lunch?" asked Marcia ironically.

"Oh, no. Your brother-in-law's coming to lunch. Tea, perhaps," said Celeste, smiling. Then she laughed a little. "The servant was quite puzzled at your asking for Mrs. Forrester. She wondered if you meant Mrs. Vincent."

"She didn't seem so very much surprised," said Marcia grimly.

"Oh, she guessed who you meant, of course, because of Mr. Forrester," said Celeste carelessly.

Marcia lost patience. She had not come on her errand in order to be derided. "Let us speak plainly," she said. "You've managed to entangle my brother-in-law in this engagement. Of course he knew nothing about you."

"I told him just the same thing," observed Celeste.

"You must release him," said Marcia firmly.

"Of course," Celeste agreed. "If he wants to go, I'll release him."

"You can't escape that way. He's infatuated with you."

"Dear boy!" said Celeste with a pensive smile.

"You must send him away. You must break it off."

"Oh, I couldn't. I'm so fond of him!"

"I imagine you'll soon console yourself. If you refuse I shall tell the whole story."

"What, all of it?"

"Yes, the whole truth."

"About yourself, too?" Celeste smiled amiably. "And I've been so considerate in not betraying you to him!"

"I shall not spare myself; Fred's happiness comes first."

"How amused all your friends will be when they hear about it," remarked Celeste. "It's so funny to call your brother-in-law your husband."

"Do you consent to send him away, or will you face exposure?"

"I'll face exposure if you don't mind it," said Celeste. And as she looked at Marcia's angry face she broke into just such a merry peal of laughter as her visitor had heard two years ago. Then, before Marcia could speak or move, she sprang up and ran out of the room, turning a merry face over her shoulder for an instant as she shut the door. Marcia sank into a chair. She had right and might both on her side; the merits and the power alike were hers; yet without doubt she had been ridiculed, beaten and defied. After an instant she sprang up, crying:

"Then I must tell Fred the truth, that's all! Oh, let me out of this horrid house! It suffocates me!"

She walked to the door, but just as she was about to lay her hand on the handle the door opened. There, on the threshold, stood Noel Forrester. Marcia sprang back, half in surprise, half in resentment.

"How dare you!" she gasped out. Here again her forecast had fallen short of reality.

Noel came in and shut the door gently.

"I'm so much at home here," said he suavely, "that I thought I might take the liberty of adding my welcome to Celeste's. We're so glad to see you here in what is our real home."

Marcia's only answer was to draw herself up to her full height and wave him from her path with a haughty gesture.

"I wish you'd hear what I've got to say," said he.

"What can you possibly have to say?" She looked at him. He appeared meek and submissive. "Oh, I dare say she's worse than you

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are; but—well, you see for yourself. My plain duty is to tell my brother-in-law. You know, of course, that he's mad enough to intend marrying this—this Miss—"

"Miss what or Mrs. what?" her manner asked.

"Miss Vincent? Oh, yes, I know that. Well, why shouldn't he?" asked Noel Forrester.

"Come, Mrs. Nettleton, let bygones be bygones. We must forgive and forget. The past is irrevocable; the future is our own. Let's say no more about it and let the young people be happy!"

Marcia regarded him with a bewilderment that conquered anger. He seemed so genuine, so sincere, ostensibly so reasonable in his monstrous request and the monstrous frame of mind which made its utterance possible. The old sense of regret for him, of waste, of conviction that he had been meant for better things, came over her; she shook her head decisively, but her air was more gentle.

"I'm afraid the kindest thing I can think of you is that you're rather mad," she said. "But I'm sane, Mr. Forrester, and I must do my duty—my duty to my brother-in-law."

He appeared to abandon the contest with some readiness.

"If you must, you must," he said. "But I venture to hope that you'll judge me mercifully. After all, we all of us practice little deceptions at times. By the way, you'll mention to Mr. Nettleton—"

"I shall tell Fred everything. And you can tell him yourself if you like."

"Thank you. It may be convenient that I should." He paused and nodded reflectively. Then he made almost the same comment as had proceeded from Celeste.

"How very amused he'll be," he said.

"Amused! His heart will be broken. But that's better than his life being ruined."

"Much. It doesn't last half so long," observed Noel Forrester. "For my part I think he'll forgive both you and Celeste—when he hears everything, I mean."

"I must ask you not to couple us together, please. The two things are not exactly on the same footing."

"Why, both of you played a part that wasn't your own."

"As if it was that," cried Marcia indignantly.

"And you neither of you succeeded in deceiving anybody. Celeste didn't impose on you and you didn't impose on Celeste, because I told her, you know. Besides, you didn't do it very well; you showed embarrassment."

"How did you know?" she asked.

"Well, you see you carried on your bicycle a little leather case; the lid was open and I perceived that your card was tacked on to it inside. And your card ran: 'Mrs. Sydney James Nettleton.' So I thought it odd that your hus-

band should be named Fred."

"You ought to have told me and not let me make a—"

"False impression? Well, you didn't really, you know, any more than Celeste. You both (Concluded on Page Eleven.)"

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Crown Medicine Company, Toronto.

QUEER CORNER

The answer to last week's picture puzzle and double acrostic is as follows:

WILLOW
R. C. B. L.
A. B. L. E.
R. E. C. O. I. L.

Here is another—a cipher problem: A dealer in boys' clothing, who had been compelled by hard times to close his store for some months, on reopening adopted a cipher word for his cost-marks that described his new business. Of his first purchase he made the following memorandum:

7 suits, at \$8.00.....\$ 56.00
11 " " " ".....\$ 88.00
10 " " " ".....\$ 70.00
9 " " " ".....\$ 63.00
P. T. N. E.

What was his cipher word?

NAVAL STRENGTH OF LEADING NATIONS.
The naval strength of the leading nations of the world is just now a matter of great interest. The table which follows has been constructed from the returns prepared by the British Admiralty by order of the House of Commons:

	Great Britain.	France.	Russia.	Germany.	Italy.	United States.
Battleships—						
Built.....	45	29	6	21	13	5
Building.....	12	6	9	3	2	6
Cruisers, Armored—						
Built.....	18	9	9	1	1	1
Building.....	1	2	1	1	1	1
Cruisers, Protected—						
Built.....	57	23	32	7	15	13
Building.....	29	11	3	6	1	1
Cruisers, Unprotected—						
Built.....	16	20	3	22	1	10
Building.....	1	1	1	1	1	1
Coast Defence Vessels—						
Built.....	15	14	12	11	1	19
Building.....	4	1	1	1	1	1
Special Vessels, Transp., etc—						
Built.....	3	1	1	1	1	2
Building.....	1	1	1	1	1	1
Torpedo Vessels—						
Built.....	25	13	16	5	15	2
Building.....	3	1	1	1	1	1
Torpedo Boat Destroyers—						
Built.....	42	5	5	1	1	1
Building.....	15	1	1	1	1	1
Torpedo Boats—						
Built.....	101	211	132	105	140	3
Building.....	89	33	40	19	13	25
Total Built and Building.....	451	353	253	191	200	77

It will be seen from the above that the British fleet is practically equal in power to the combined naval strength of the Franco-Russian alliance. It will soon have ninety torpedo boat destroyers against the six owned by the five other powers. A close examination of the figures shows that the British navy excels in more than mere numbers of crafts—the relative strength of different classes of crafts being well planned.

THE SPHERE OF THE CHURCH.

In a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT we reproduced some severe criticisms made by a clergyman in one of the monthly magazines, on Six Months of Church Entertainments. Here is the announcement of a "poverty social" at Rat Portage that should not be overlooked: Arrangements for the poverty social in the Music Hall on Wednesday next, under the auspices of Knox church Bible class, are now almost complete. This is a novelty in Rat Portage and should cause a good deal of fun to those who will attend. While this is given by Knox church Bible class, it is to be hoped that it will receive the hearty support of all denominations, as it is in aid of the India famine fund. Those attending are requested to conform to the following rules and regulations:

Men must wear plain attire. Such as do bedeck themselves with watch-chains and other jewelry, or fancy ties, shall pay a fine. Women must also wear plain apparel. The following lines will be imposed: Ladies appearing with mated shoes, 5c.; ribbons, 5c.; old wool dress, 5c.; new wool dress, 10c.; silk dress, 25c.; jewelry, each article, 5c.; gold frame glasses, 10c.; whole handkerchiefs, 5c.; full evening dress, 50c. Gentlemen appearing with white shirts, 5c.; necktie, 5c.; whole pocket-handkerchiefs, 5c.; trousers with no patch, 5c.; patent-leather shoes, 10c.; clean collar and cuffs, 5c.; matched coat and vest with all buttons on, 10c.; full dress suit, 50c. Extra—Bouquets in button-holes, 10c.; chewing gum, 5c.; flirting, 5c.; those who do not flirt, 10c. Refreshments will be served similar to those at the Irish Jubilee; the following being a few of the most interesting items on the bill of fare: Fishballs, snowballs, cannonballs and cartridges, dressed beef, naked beef, beef with all its dresses on, soda crackers, fire crackers, Limburger cheese with tresses on, fried liver, baked liver, Cartier's little liver pills, besides which they will serve ice cream, cold cream, vasoline and sandwiches. It is to be hoped that the young ladies will enter into the spirit of this social and come prepared to be taxed. Besides the dainty refreshments, a first-class programme of vocal and instrumental music has been prepared. Admission fee 10 cents.

MUNICIPAL INSURANCE.

It is stated that the city of Hamilton is paying \$87,000 a year as fire insurance premiums, while the average annual losses for ten years amount to \$42,000. The Perth *Expositor* says that the South Lanark Farmers' Mutual has written \$225,000 of insurance already, although only organized six months ago.

HOW CAME THIS BONE HERE?

At a recent meeting of the Montreal Scientific Association, Dr. Deeks reported the finding of a jaw-bone of a hippopotamus by men engaged in dredging in the St. Lawrence River, off Windmill Point. It was discovered in twenty-five feet of water, four feet below the surface of the river bed, and the question of its origin is interesting, especially as it differs from the only known living genus, whose home is in Africa. The find is rare and interesting.

SAME OLD STORY.

It will be remembered that Hendershott and Welter who were tried, convicted and hanged at St. Thomas a year or so ago, had their trial made somewhat romantic by the presence of the daughter of the elder prisoner, who was betrothed to the younger man. This young woman, Miss Mary Lily Hendershott, was married on March 3 to "another"—showing once again that women are never inconsolable.

A WATERING-PLACE.

In *The Penny Magazine* for March 7, 1840, appears an account of the origin of a watering-place in the North of England called Shap Wells, which shows that no hamlet, however insignificant, need despair of becoming famous if it but have waters of sufficient virtue. There is encouragement in this case for many small Canadian resorts. Shap Wells contained sulphur and other medicinal properties and was much visited by people in the neighborhood. "In process of time," says *The Penny Magazine*,

"a wonderful accession was made; a peat-shed was erected near the spring, in one corner of which was placed on old rum-punchon, as a substitute for a more regularly shaped bath; in the opposite corner was fixed a boiler, the fuel, which consisted of turf or peat, being piled up between them, but leaving space enough to move from one end of the shed to the other, the dimensions of which were not over twelve feet square. . . . The hoghead had to be mounted through the assistance of a short ladder with narrow rounds—not very agreeable to bare feet—and descended into in a similar manner. There was no attempt at a private dressing-room, the peat-shed being, in fact, the place of general accommodation." The Earl of Lonsdale, on whose property the well was situated, finally built a "large and commodious hotel near the spring, with bath-house, stables, coach-house, and every other appendage necessary for such an establishment." It then became one of the foremost fashionable watering-places in England.

ANOTHER.

Mr. Thomas Kelly of Wiaraton claims to have solved the problem of perpetual motion, and to have had a machine running for several months. It is capable of producing power. He says he will make a public exhibition of it in a few days.

TWO LOST CANNON.

In the engagement at the Windmill, Prescott, in the unpleasantness of 1837-38, two brass cannon were captured from the rebels and United States raiders. These and the prisoners were sent to Kingston. The town of Prescott is now asking for those cannon, but no trace of them can be found in Kingston, and no record of their removal. The only chance is that some old man with a long memory can clear up the mystery.

AN AMERICAN.

This is taken from *The Seven Seas*, by Rudyard Kipling, and it is the Spirit of America that is supposed to be speaking. Mr. Howells thinks this the most important thing, intellectually, in the volume.

If the Led Striker call it a strike,
Or the papers call it a war,
They know not much what I am like,
Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,
He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unwept heart he lends
From Labrador to Guadeloupe;
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays;
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,
He dubs his dreary brethren Kings,
His hands are black with blood; his heart
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,
Mine ancient humor saves him whole—
The cynic devil in his blood
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes,
That bids him make the Law he flouts,
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes
The drumming gods that—have no doubts;

That checks him foolish hot and fond,
That chuckles through his deepest ire,
That glides the slough of his despair
But dims the goal of his desire;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,
The acid Asiatic mirth
That leaves him carless 'mid his dead,
The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach
Our bar or weighed defence prefer—
A brother hedged with alien speech
And lacking all interpreter!

Which knowledge vexes him a space;
But while reproof around him rings,
He turns a keen untroubled face
Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo! imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And, in the teeth of all the schools,
I—I shall save him at the last!

A Cabinet of "J's."

It will hardly do to call the new cabinet a set of J's, under any construction of that phrase. But it will be a J body as well as notable for its Mc's. There are in the list:

J. Sherman.
L. J. Gage.
J. D. Long.
J. Wilson.
J. J. McKenna.
J. A. Gary.
J. J. McCook.

General Alger's name contains no J, but it has the "J" sound sure enough.

Via Canada to Australia.

Now that a commission has been appointed, says *Blackwood's*, not to consider the advisability of a cable across the Pacific, but to determine the best means of carrying out the project, a long-delayed scheme is evidently at last on the point of realization. In these days, when no mercantile business can be conducted on a large scale without a cheap and efficient means of telegraphic communication, it seems almost incredible that two large English-speaking communities, such as Canada and Australasia, separated by only ninety degrees of longitude, should still be obliged to send their messages around the other two hundred and seventy degrees through various foreign nationalities, instead of being in direct communication by a British cable across the Pacific. During the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 the land-lines connecting the Mediterranean cables with the Red Sea were cut, and from other causes between the years 1872 and 1883 there were no less than five hundred and forty days, or eighteen months, during which some portion of the cable route to Australia was unavailable for service.

Ibsen's Latest Work.

There are those who regard Ibsen as the greatest genius among living playwrights, while others detest his work. We here give a translation of a passage from his latest production.



Ibsen.

This passage occurs near the end of the play. It seems rather odd to find a dying man so careful of his commas, and an embezzler so extravagantly poetic in his thought-methods. Borkman, after his release from prison, where he has been confined for five years for the embezzlement of bank funds, has passed eight additional years as a voluntary prisoner in an upper room in his own house. At the end of that period he leaves the house in a sort of frenzy for the free air. Ella Renheim, whose love he had thrown aside for the sake of riches, follows him, and, as it is a cold winter night, endeavors to persuade him to return. He refuses and rushes into the forest, she following. He sinks upon a rustic bench, a dying man, with senses preternaturally quickened. Then follows this scene:

Borkman—Ella! Do you see the mountain ranges there, far over yonder, one behind the other? They rise, they tower. There is my deep, my infinite, my inexhaustible kingdom.

Ella Renheim—Ah, but there comes an icy blast from that kingdom, John.

Borkman—That blast is the breath of life to me, it comes like a greeting from my trusty spirits. I see them, the buried millions; I feel the veins of metal, they stretch out their bent, branching, enticing arms toward me. I saw them before me like shades endowed with life—that night when I stood in the bank vault, candle in hand. You sought to be free then, and I tried to free you. But I could not. The treasure sank again into the depths [stretching forth his hands]. But I will whisper it to you here amid the peace of night. I love you as you lie there deep and dark in the semblance of death. I love you, wealth yearning for life, with all your shining train of power and glory I love you, love you, love you!

Ella Renheim [with quiet, growing feeling]—Yes, your affections are still set down there, John, they were always there. But up here in the light of day, there was a warm living human heart that beat for you. And you crushed that heart. Ah, more than that—tenfold worse—you sold it for—

Borkman [shivering as with the cold]—For the sake of the kingdom, and the power, and the glory—you mean?

Ella Renheim—Yes, I mean that. I told you this evening once before. You slew affection in the woman who loved you, and whom you loved in return—as far as you could love anyone [with upraised arms]. And therefore I foretell you this, John Gabriel Borkman, you will never win the prize you craved for that deed. You will never enter triumphant into your cold and gloomy kingdom!

Borkman [staggering to the bench and sits heavily down]—I almost fear that you are right in your prophecy, Ella.

Ella Renheim [sitting beside him]—You must not fear it, John. It would be the best thing that could happen to you.

Borkman [with a cry, putting his hand to his breast]—Ah!—Now it let me go.

Ella Renheim [shaking him]—What was it, John?

Borkman [falling against the arm of the bench]—It was a hand of ice that plucked at my heart.

Ella Renheim—John, did you feel that icy hand for the first time now?

Borkman [muttering]—No. No hand of ice. It was a hand of metal. [He sinks wholly down upon the bench].

A Strange Fact.

The fact that the big European cities have been growing much faster than those of the United States is pointed out by Dr. Albert Shaw in his recent book on municipal government in Europe. In 1870, New York had 150,000 more people than Berlin; in 1880, Berlin had outstripped New York, and it still maintains its lead. In 1875, Hamburg had 348,000 people and Boston 342,000; in 1880, Hamburg had 509,200 and Boston 448,000. Baltimore was once as big as Hamburg, but it has long been distanced. Leipzig has grown from 127,000 in 1875 to 350,000 in 1890, and has distanced San Francisco.

That time worn word, "Best"

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It is at once pure and most economical in use.

BLACK AND MIXED

also. Breslau used to be smaller than Cincinnati; it has now distanced it. Cleveland, and Buffalo, and Pittsburgh were all in 1880 bigger than Cologne, but Cologne was much the biggest in 1890. Dresden is growing more quickly than New Orleans. Hanover, though a sleepy place, is growing as quickly as Louisville or Jersey City.

An Important Letter.

Showing How a Sufferer from Sciatica Was Cured.

A Correspondent of the *Ottawa News-Letter* With Permission from the Author Makes the Letter Public—It Will be Gladly Read by Other Sufferers From This Painful Malady.

From the *Ottawa News-Letter*:

The following letter has been forwarded us by the Coldwater, Ont., correspondent of the *News-Letter*, which we have great pleasure in publishing:

COLDWATER, Sept. 25th, 1896.

A few weeks ago I became very unwell from an attack of sciatica, and remembering that a while ago a well known friend of mine, Mr. C. T. Hopson, of Fesserton, a few miles from here, had been a great sufferer from this painful complaint, I thought it would be well to consult that gentleman as to the medicine he gives credit to for his relief and cure, as I was aware that he was now well and hearty and had ever since been in steady work among lumber—his regular business. He gave me the information required, and wrote out the following testimonial which he desires to have published in any way I think proper, hoping that it will meet the eye of many sufferers like myself who are anxious to get relief. I therefore forward it to you to publish:

FESSERTON, Sept. 18th, 1896.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I testify to the marvellous benefit and cure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected in my case. In the year 1892 I was taken very bad with sciatica. I was treated at different times by two doctors but dispensed with their services as I found I was not getting the hoped for relief. I then tried different remedies advertised as a cure for sciatica, but with no better result. Then I tried strongly recommended electrical appliances, but still to no purpose. I did not improve any and the pain was excruciating, and I began to lose all hope of ever getting better. I could not sit down or move about without suffering intense pain, and the only relief I could get was when I lay down with my legs stretched straight out and then the pain was somewhat less. I was in this position one day when I picked up a newspaper lying by my side and there I read of a man cured of sciatica by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Always having but little faith in proprietary medicines, and in view of the experience I already had, I would not have tried them but for the fact that my wife insisted on going at once and procuring some. She got a box and persuaded me to take them. By the time I had finished the box I believe I felt better, so I kept on taking the pills and by the time I had taken six boxes I was entirely cured. I had been laid up for four months before taking the Pink Pills, and I shall continue to take them occasionally as I know them to be an excellent medicine. I shall never cease recommending them. Yours truly, CHARLES T. HOPSON.

Our correspondent adds that this letter is from a much respected resident of Fesserton, whose word is generally considered as good as his bond.

Canadian Stories.

The London *Literary World* says that A Canadian Scrap Book, containing original sketches of life in the Dominion, will be published shortly by Messrs. Marshall, Russell & Co.

"Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that?" "That it was unkind of her to take it from you."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Teacher—Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make? Tommy—It would make him yell.—*Bazar*.

Influenza or "Grippe"

The most promising subjects for this dread malady are those whose health is "run down" from any cause, the fact being patent that persons in sound physical condition most successfully resist attack. The true method of prevention, therefore, is "building up the system," and for this purpose

Maltine with Cod Liver Oil

has been highly recommended by those most competent to judge. In this preparation is comprised every principle required to repair waste and bring the system up to the highest standard of health.

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Ladies' Dresses French cleaned \$2.50. This week, \$2.25
All orders sent for and returned. Telephone 2471

Cannibal King—You haven't succeeded in fattening the captive! The chief cook—He's losing flesh all the time. I think he's worrying about something.—*Puck*.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE Drama

MARTHA MORTON built up a capital play when she wrote *A Fool of Fortune*, and William H. Crane and his capable company present it with skill and taste. It is one of the Wall Street plays. There are several others, most of them inferior to this one and none better. Mr. Crane plays the part of Cunningham, the firm of Cunningham & Lloyd, brokers of Wall Street. The play opens with Lloyd tangled up in Sunset Railway stocks, a venture he has made while Cunningham has been away in Europe with his elder daughter, hobnobbing with aristocrats, acquiring an accent and the trick of using a monocle. The senior partner comes home, happy in a loud chuck suit and with a French nobleman, Count de Cluny, in his train, a suitor for his daughter's hand. The moment he gets alone on the stage he takes the audience into his confidence, saying that he shall not plunge any more on Wall Street. He has been walking a tight rope for years—has fallen often but always lit on his feet, and never allowed his family to know that at times he was not worth a penny. He has had enough of it. All the time the audience has the guilty knowledge that Lloyd has plunged in Sunset shares. Then Lloyd tells him—nervous, frightened Lloyd, who has been baited by E. Powers, a big and unscrupulous operator. The senior partner describes Lloyd as the one who "does the shivering and shaking for the firm"—a neat description of the services rendered to many a firm by many a partner. Cunningham makes a fight of it, but of course loses, and the firm is "wiped out." A year elapses, as years will do, no matter who wins or loses, either in Wall Street or at Carson City. Cunningham, still a dandy in his dress, is physically wrecked. He braces himself with stimulants and flies tiny kites in Wall Street. Lloyd, seedy and bibulous, still clings and drags upon the shattered vitality of his partner. Cunningham's old friend, Worresdorf, keeps a keen eye on Sunset shares and gets early news of a consolidation. At the right moment he offers to back Cunningham to any amount, and so, when Powers rushes in to see who is fighting him, the physical wreck, old Cunningham, straightens up his back and shouts, "Cunningham & Lloyd." And they fight him hard. They ruin him. They make another fortune in ten minutes.

The whole Cunningham family is on the spot, and they are in excited chatter when the father sinks in a chair and rests his head on the table. Worresdorf finds that he is dead. The wife and daughter are led, laughing, from the room. Lloyd turns from the ticker, the tape clutched in his thin, old fingers, and casts himself sobbing on the table beside his dead partner.

"Magnificent finish!" I said, and then up went the curtain, and there stood William H. Crane, the actor, rubbing his hands, surrounded by his company, bowing to the plaudits of the crowd. It is useless for Martha Morton or anybody else to devise a magnificent finale to a play if it is to be ruined in this cheap fashion. I really thought Crane too artistic to mar so perfect a picture. The curtain fell, leaving *A Fool of Fortune* dead in his chair, his partner heart-broken, his family unconscious of the tragedy—rich, all rich fools of fortune. The curtain was hoisted again—and produced a result much the same as if the leader of the orchestra had uncoiled the fire hose and turned a stream of water on the people. I went away swearing, a thing that perhaps I haven't done in years.

Regular theater-goers find it hard enough to experience an illusion, even when the greatest skill aims to produce one. But what is the use of building one up and then tearing it down by vulgarly hoisting the curtain and bowing and scraping to a public that would fain forget the actor in his art? Shore Acres closes artistically. The old man slowly ascends the stairs and disappears; then slowly the curtain falls on an empty stage. Suppose the curtain had gone up again, and the whole company had been shown bowing and smiling on the staircase, as much as to say, "We were only pretending," would Shore Acres be held in such keen appreciation? No. And *A Fool of Fortune* would have left quite as lasting an impression if the actors had left it where Martha Morton did.

Percy Brooke as Lloyd, Edwin Arden as Count de Cluny, Boyd Putnam as Worresdorf, Miss Effie Shannon as Marjorie, and Miss Dallas Tyler as Jennie Cunningham, deserve special mention in a company that was characterized by all-round excellence.

Who are those who get into the gallery of the Grand and yell "Speech" when any Tom, Dick or Harry is presenting a play? It is an absurd

practice, and makes sensible people ashamed of Toronto. What do they want to hear a speech for? Who ever heard an actor make a speech under such circumstances? Why don't they demand that some man in one of the boxes shall make a speech, or that the leader of the orchestra shall get up nightly and say a few words? The thing is the veriest nonsense, and the only explanation of it that I can hit upon is that certain new persons in the gallery like to impress still newer ones with the idea that they are regular theater-goers and know what to yell and when to yell it. The absurdity would probably have died out long ago only for this.

If popular prices, like charity, are supposed to cover a multitude of sins, they have their work cut out to stretch over the "standard production," *The Defaulter*. It is the poorest thing in its line that has been at the Toronto this season. It is bristling with absurd inconsistencies. The first two acts are the weakest attempts at melodrama that, outside of a Sunday school anniversary entertainment, I've ever had the misfortune of witnessing, and the company (in these two acts), with the exception of Alice Irving as Millicent Halm, is deplorably incompetent. Though they brightened up somewhat in the third and fourth acts, and the play itself grew stronger toward the end, yet the only thing that saved the show from utter contempt was the acting of Miss Myrtle May as Julie. She put life into her own part and seemed to inspire the others to some extent. The author frankly publishes the fact that he purloined the material for the play from Manville Fenn's novel, *This Man's Wife*, and therefore he cannot be commended for the only interesting, unbacked part of the piece—that which relates to the "assigned" or convict servants. Ten years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts. In the second, Julie is introduced as a child about two and a half feet high; in the third she has developed into a tall, precocious young lady of, I should judge, nineteen at least. Everyone else is unchanged—same eyes, same hair, and, in some instances, same clothes. But it would be foolish to begin to enumerate inconsistencies, for they are innumerable. Christie Bailey is the most priggish hero that melodrama has yet produced, and Frederick Kimball, who takes the part, possesses a voice and manner that would put the finishing touches if any were necessary. The piece is rather elaborate as to scenery, and Myrtle May is an exceedingly pretty girl, but it takes more than that to carry a show, and there is no getting around the fact that *The Defaulter* has not been a success at the Toronto this week.

Seabrooke and his company presenting *The Speculator*, a very clever drama along the same lines as *A Fool of Fortune*, are doing a good business at the Grand since Thursday night.

Sardou's new play, *Spiritisme*, which Sarah Barnhardt presented at the Renaissance Theater in Paris last month, was put on at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, a fortnight ago, and it would seem that it is generally regarded in New York and Paris alike, as almost a failure. The genius of Barnhardt saves it from complete failure in Paris, and

Mr. Wheatcroft was a fine actor and Toronto people will remember his work when he appeared at the Grand Opera House in, I think, *The Charity Ball*. Of late he has devoted more of his time to the school of acting which he founded in New York and which has been very successful. He had, however, been playing an important part in Sardou's new play, *Spiritisme*, in New York, a few days before his death.

The Grand Italian Opera Company gave a superior concert at the Princess Theater on Tuesday evening, but unfortunately the attendance was very small. The concert was not sufficiently advertised, and the social and musical circles of the city were not aware that such a concert was taking place.

The annual meeting of the Victoria Dramatic Club was held at the Athletic Club on Thursday evening. A theatrical performance will be given by the Club after Easter.

Melbourne Macdowell, who has been playing with Fanny Davenport, will, it is rumored, form a company of his own next season.

Ellen Terry is shortly to appear in a one-act play written by Princess Carl of Denmark, formerly Princess Maud of Wales. The Princess Maud is notably clever, and her production, if at all good, will be voted a great success.

The management of the Toronto Opera House have arranged for a special wire and will have a full and accurate description of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight announced from the stage next Wednesday afternoon, when an extra matinee performance of *A Railroad Ticket* will be given at the customary "bargain" prices of 15 cents for the entire balcony and 25 cents for the entire lower floor. On this occasion the doors of the theater will be opened at 12 o'clock, and the double feature will probably prove one of the best drawing cards of the season. The description of the fight will be furnished direct from the ring-side at Carson by a special representative of the Associated Press. Apart from this, the performance of *A Railroad Ticket* is said to be a very attractive one this season. The company is headed by the eccentric comedian, Louis Wesley, who will be remembered for his clever work in *Thriller* at the Princess last year, and in the *Merry World* at the Grand this season. The fascinating chanteuse, Marie Stuart, will be seen in her original specialties, which are said to have created a sensation in New York, London and Paris.

At the Grand Opera House all next week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, Sutton Vane's best military drama, *Humanity*, or *For England*, will be presented. It is a highly sensational and realistic play. It is a romantic English story of love rewarded and villainy foiled, after a set course of trials and tribulations for the former and apparent success for the latter. Incidentally the story carries with it a beautiful stage picture of English country life, with a hunting party of thoroughbreds, fox hounds, &c., and another of war in the Transvaal with a thrilling broadsword combat on horseback and a hairbreadth escape from a bursting bomb. There is any

SPORTING COMMENT

THE game last Saturday between the Bank League champions and the winners of the city group of the Senior O.H.A. Series was intended to settle the question of the city championship. Commerce, by defeating Varsity 8-5, certainly hold the title, but it is by no means a fact that they are the best team in town. Either T.A.C. or the Wellingtons could give them a hard tussle. It is not right that one game should decide such an issue; the O.H.A. teams play in a large rink and the Bank League in the reverse, and so to be perfectly fair to both, home and home games should be played. The game, instead of being as was reasonably expected, one of the best of the season, was the most miserable exhibition of hockey given by senior teams in Toronto this year; indeed, hockey is quite too dignified a name for it. Both teams occasionally showed a slight suspicion of combination play, but this never lasted long and the game was practically nothing more than an unseemly scramble after the puck from one end of the ice to the other, during which a great amount of slashing, chopping and cross-checking took place. Varsity's defeat is attributable to two causes, viz.: They have played all their games on large ice and were unable to adapt themselves to the small size of the Victoria; and in the second place Sheppard, their best man, was unable to play, having been hurt in one of the Inter-Collegiate games. Commerce rushed at the start and scored 3 goals before Varsity settled down. The balance of the first half was fairly well contested, and ended in Commerce's favor by 5 goals to 3. Varsity was kept almost entirely on the defence in the second half, their forwards being unable to take the puck any distance, even though Waldie left his place between the posts and came to their assistance once or twice. Parry was hurt early in the game and Stevenson went off to even up, so that the greater portion was played with three forwards a side; this, of course, had considerable to do with the poor play of the combination. Snell was the only Varsity forward who played anything like well. Morrison experienced some difficulty in keeping his feet and Elliott in keeping his place. The Commerce forwards played a very aggressive game, and the shooting of McDonnell and Hillburn was good. Commerce's defence was immensely superior to Varsity's. Nourse and Hillburn played in their usual good form, and altogether outclassed Parry and Scott at cover-point and point respectively. Waldie and McMaster in goal both stopped well; the former, owing to the poor work of the men in front of him, had an immense amount of work to do and acquitted himself creditably. Mr. Brown refereed the game.

The Junior City League series have not been altogether a success this season. Two of the teams, viz., the Wellingtons and U. C. C., were greatly superior to the balance. As both these teams are in the O. H. A. and play the same men in the Junior City League, it would be a good idea for them to drop out of the latter

optimistic views, the colleges across the boundary line will probably find that they will need three or four years' hard practice and study of the game before they can hold their own with Canadian clubs.

Whitby has withdrawn from the Midland Hockey League and announces that the Club will next year join one of the senior leagues. Here is some red-hot hockey comment from the *Chronicle* of that town:

It is bad enough to be pitted against a set of unknown ringers who are hired to either win or die in the attempt, but to add a referee who is blind of one eye and keeps that blind eye on the hirlings is too much for human flesh and blood to stand. Yet this is an exact description of the conditions under which Whitby played hockey at Cobourg on Friday night.

Chatham has issued little wedge-shaped booklets—the thin edge of the wedge—arguing why that town should get the C. W. A. meet this year.

Some Toronto people who attended a wedding in Montreal last week report that at the appointed hour the clergyman who was to officiate was curling, and made the ceremony wait twenty minutes while he finished his rink.

There is a great deal of talk about the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight on Wednesday next in Nevada. Those who wonder why the principals talk so much while training should bear in mind that a New York paper has made contracts with both men to get exclusive daily talks with them. It is very likely that these talks are bogus, but the pugs are under contract to let the paper have daily interviews, and so cannot repudiate what is said in their names. As regards the story that the proceeds, after Stuart gets his share, will be divided evenly between the two men, however the contest may result, I think it not unlikely that such a deal has been made, but that the combat will be none the less earnest and red-hot on that account. This affair, however it ends, will probably put a damper on prize-fights for a long time. People are getting too much of it, and are in mental revolt against the opinions of such men as Bat Masterson, Parson Davies and other trainers, gamblers, touts and such like.

A new bicycle game, or rather a game which can be played on wheels, has lately been evolved by a cycling genius. It is called the Royal game, and requires a court or field, divided into a right and a left field, with the courses chalked out plainly. An alley-way, constructed of ropes or cables, extends from the upper to the lower field. Two teams of nine riders each take part, and the field is divided on the division line between the right and left field. Cables also form two upright sides, between which the play wheel rolls and is driven backward or forward by the riders in passing at any point between the lower and upper field. The play wheel is a single bicycle rim, having a four and one-half inch pneumatic tire. The idea of the game is to drive this play wheel from the center field, through attack of opponents, to a goal ahead, the riders using sticks especially made for the game. The ends of the alley-ways are the goals for the respective teams. Players ride in single file and always to the left. Thus the two teams are constantly meeting and passing each other in opposite directions on the upper sides of the alley-way. Royal is a game requiring swift riding and much skill, and a novice would scarcely venture to form one of a team.

THE UMPIRE.

The Origin of Names.

MUCH interest attaches to the origin of names. How did so many surnames get into use? People often puzzle over this. The attention of the United States Government has been called by an Irish "Professor" to a work he has produced on the origin of Irish names, and he seems to think that the United States Government should buy up the edition of the book or subsidize the author. He tells us that "surnames, having been enacted by Brian Boru," were forthwith founded upon "personal peculiarities."

Thus he claims that Macgilleuddy (of the Reeks) signifies "the devoted of early music." Another authority asserts that Macgilleuddy in English signifies "the youngster of the portion," and is merely a branch of the O'Sullivan's, descended from a younger son of O'Sullivan Moore, to whom that chief gave a third part of his property, and hence the appellation, borne for the first time (by any other than the head of the family) after the Irish insurrection in the reign of Charles I. in 1641. The origin of names is very interesting, and it is not out of place to ask the editor of the *Goderich Signal* to settle this controversy, which so closely touches his status. If he had his rights would he be known as Mr. Dan O'Sullivan? Is he "the devoted of early music," or is he "the youngster of the portion?"

The Irish professor goes further and claims that "O'Banbain, which means a sucking-pig," was translated into English in the time of James I. and is responsible for all the Bacons, Hogs, Hams and Pigots that are now scattered about the world. The professor's theory will hardly hold good, as all the names just mentioned can be traced far beyond the time of James I.

Very Likely.

Willie—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?

Papa—Yes, my boy.

"Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

His Correct Taste.

Miss Rosebud (to her brother)—What do you think is the best color for a bride, Jack?

Jack—Well, I don't know much about it, but for myself I should prefer a white one.

Something Small.

Visitor—I am grieved to learn of your mistress's illness. Nothing serious—no great cause for alarm, I trust?

The New French Maid—No, monsieur, nozing beeg, nozing grande. Something—what you call leetle, petite. What sey call ze leetle—small—small—small—*Vit-Bits*.



T. L. Morison, Manager. Frank Morrison, Cover Point. H. Donaldson, Forward. W. Rowland, Forward. Chas. Hill (Capt.), Forward. R. Gray, Point. Frank Morrison, Forward. H. J. Hill, President. H. Morrison, Goal.

WELLINGTON HOCKEY CLUB—CHAMPIONS "CITY LEAGUE."

what piece could be a failure put on as *Spiritisme* was in New York, with the finest stage accessories and such performers as Virginia Harned, Maurice Barrymore, Nelson Wheatcroft, and J. H. Gilmour in the leading roles, and others, almost equally competent, in all the minor roles? *Spiritisme* treats of spiritualism, of course, and spirit-rapping and apparitions play a large part in it. But if society takes a notion to make a fad of the play and its theme, the critics who condemn it will soon find merit in it, and we may be long to see it in Toronto. In this town we have begun to put very little faith in the verdicts of New York in matters theatrical.

Charles Klein and Philip Sousa, the librettist and composer of *El Capitán*, are at work on a new opera for De Wolf Hopper. It has already been christened *The Bride-Elect*.

James A. Herne has been playing *Shore Acres* at the Baldwin theater in San Francisco for the past three weeks, and made a decided hit in that town.

Nelson Wheatcroft, the actor, died in New York last week very suddenly of pneumonia.

amount of excitement, and startling situations follow startling situations with lightning-like rapidity. Manager William A. Brady has staged the piece with great liberality, and Mr. Joseph Grismer and Miss Phoebe Davies still head the company, which consists of nearly twenty-six people all told.

LOGE.

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In a letter to one of his children, Guizot tells how, on his first visit to Windsor, he lost his way and opened a wrong door, and beheld for a moment a lady having her hair brushed. The next day the Queen (for it was she) joked him about it, and he says: "I ended by asking her leave, if ever I wrote my memoirs, like Sully or St. Simon, to mention how, at midnight, I opened the door of the Queen of England. She laughingly gave me the desired permission."

Castleton—I ordered some flowers sent to Miss Redbud, and I'll be hanged if the fellow didn't send them C.O.D. Tutter—Pshaw! Did she pay for them? Castleton—That's the trouble! She did; and now I've got to pay her.—*Puck*.

next year so as to give the other teams a chance of winning the cup. The Wellingtons got into the finals without playing a game, their opponents having all defaulted; Prospect Park defeated the Orientals and U. C. C. the Old Orchard team by large majorities. U. C. C. and the Wellingtons met in the final game, which was commented upon in last week's issue.

The Wellingtons have had a remarkably successful season, winning both the Junior O.H.A. and the Junior City League Championship cups. Their record is as follows: In the O.H.A. series they defeated U.C.C. 5-4; Peterboro' III. 6-3, and Victorias of Guelph 6-3; in the return game they were beaten by Guelph 5-4, but were still ahead two points on the two games. In the City League, their opponents having all defaulted, they did not play a game until the finals, when they defeated U.C.C. 7-4.

The picked team from the Bank League had no difficulty in defeating the Harvard hockey players on Tuesday evening. The score was 7-0, and the opinion was generally expressed that any team in the Bank League could have defeated the visitors. Despite Caspar Whitney's

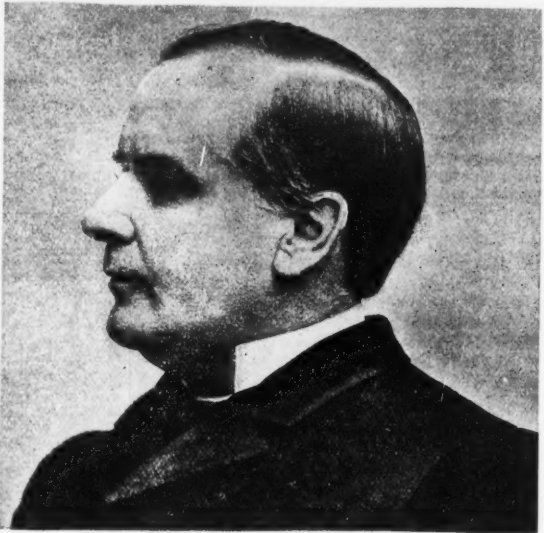
INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

A GLORIOUSLY fine day granted in the midst of a week of cloud and rain, greeted the return of the Republican party to power in the guidance of the affairs of the United States of America. Since the death of William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, as the result of his exposure to the weather usually accorded by the month of March, solicitude for the health of the principals, as well as that of the scores of thousands who crowd to honor the occasion, has extended even to a widespread agitation to postpone the ceremony of the inauguration till the more settled weather characteristic here of April. Not a cloud darkened the sky, and the slight wind blowing served only to temper the heat of the rays of the southern sun. A great national event, of international importance, of dignity equal to the crowning of kings is this elevation from the rank of a private citizen to the possession of powers exceeding those of crowned royalty. Yet, withal, a ceremony of the utmost simplicity—an oath taken in the presence of a fellow citizen, a promise made in the name of God and in the presence of the representatives of the nation, and the reins of government are taken up and a former president returns to private life. Accompanying this simplicity in the main feature of the taking of the seat and as a recognition of the advancement of the nation in the various arts and sciences of civilization, there is a splendor rivaling the coronations of kings. A grand display of the military and civic organizations of the country in parade accompanying the President to his new home in the White House, an equally grand display of the social wealth, beauty and polish, have come to be almost inseparable elements of the inauguration. These proceedings are in charge of a committee of the citizens acting in conjunction with a committee of Congress, and seldom has that work been so ably performed as under the chairmanship of Mr. C. J. Bell, a prominent Republican citizen of Washington.

Pennsylvania avenue, one hundred and sixty feet in width, paved with asphalt, is probably the finest parade avenue in the world. Its stretch is diagonally across the main arrangement of the streets from the Capitol, due north-west through Lafayette square, on the south side of which the Executive Mansion faces—in fact, on this square face the residences of more notable men than on any other seven acres on the continent. All along the distance of over a mile from Capitol to White House were displays of bunting and the national flag, punctuated with portraits of the President and Vice-President elect. Stone and prosaic brick were completely lost sight of, serving only as the background for the great show of welcome. At convenient places along the line of march temporary stands were erected, also profusely decorated, two of them at least presenting a front longer than the grand stand of Toronto Industrial Exhibition, though of course not as large in other dimensions. Seats in these stands sold at as high a rate as \$10, while the windows commanding a view of the avenue were rented at prices as high as \$300. All traffic on the avenue was suspended after ten o'clock, and the view of the long avenue, a clean sheet of asphalt lined with the citizens, whose numbers were augmented by one hundred and seventy-

Senators-elect and members of the House of Representatives. Vice-President-elect Hobart took his seat beside Vice-President Stevenson, who presided over the Senate. By a happy coincidence Sir Julian Pauncefote, ambassador for Great Britain, was seated to the right of President Cleveland, who, with President-elect McKinley, sat directly in front of the Vice-Presidential party. In the galleries the wife and aged mother of Major McKinley, the families of the members of the Diplomatic Corps and prominent citizens and the members of the press, looked down on the august assembly. Major McKinley's first glance was toward the gallery his wife occupied. A little ripple of excitement flowed over the assembly when it was discovered that Queen Lil of Hawaii was seated in the Diplomatic gallery.

Vice-President Stevenson called Mr. Hobart to his side and administered the oath to him, delivered his valedictory and adjourned the Senate *sine die*. Vice-President Hobart then assumed the gavel, convened the Senate in extra session, and after the opening prayer by



WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
President of the United States.

Chaplain Milburn administered the oath to the new Senators, and the Senate then adjourned south through the rotunda and out of the Rogers bronze doors to the east and front portico to witness the taking of the oath by the President-elect.

Here a special stand was erected, and the Presidential party, McKinley still on the President's left, were received with an ovation by the 100,000 people who occupied the twelve or fourteen acres that stretched between the Capitol and the new Congressional Library. Mr. Cleveland modestly disclaimed any share in the honor of the reception, leaving to Mr. McKinley the acknowledgment of the cheers and waving of flags and handkerchiefs accorded the chief of the executive of the nation.

Advancing to the front of the stand Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath, which Mr. McKinley repeated in a firm voice, and the Major was President of the United States of America. The signal being displayed from the dome of the Capitol, guns thundered forth their accord and the bells of the city started a joyous peal. It was nearly two o'clock when the new President commenced his inaugural address, which was attentively listened to, though not many of the vast concourse were able to distinguish the President's features, let alone hear the sound of his voice. Sir Julian Pauncefote nodded a favorable assent to the reference to arbitration, in making which the President

volunteers, horses richly caparisoned, the glint of sabre and the gleam of bayonet in companies representing the forces of the United States. Following this was the civic division under command of Mr. B. H. Warner, a prominent business man of Washington and an influential member of the Committee on Arrangements. In this division were political clubs from the various States; less striking of course than the more brilliant effect of gold and steel, the long lines of men in hats of various hues and overcoats of different club patterns, however, made an agreeable impression. The march of the President up the avenue was one long ovation; the cheering came like a wave along the line, flags and handkerchiefs seemed alive, so enthusiastic were the crowds that lined black on the broad sidewalks and on the various public and private stands.

On nearing the White House the Presidential party hurried ahead, partook of a light lunch, and in a few minutes were seated in the grand review stand specially erected on the White House grounds. The President here responded to the saluting of the members of his escort, which for the remainder of the afternoon continued to flow past his position.

Probably the most noteworthy section of the escort was the splendid equipment of Troop A of the 8th Ohio, splendidly mounted on jet-black horses, eighty strong, presenting a line as straight as the shortest distance between two points can be. The sailor boys, however, were the recipients of the attention of the people—wherever Jack Tar appears in the United States he receives an ovation. In the civic division the Carlisle Indian School, carrying instead of arms tokens representing the various industries, claimed the largest share of attention, though some of the political clubs, natty and neat in frock-coats of uniform color, and top-hats, provoked a great deal of enthusiasm. Several of the State Governors appeared in the parade, and were accorded a vociferous welcome on passing any section where their State was represented.

Meantime, while all was enthusiasm and welcome in front of the White House, a little scene is being enacted in its rear. After welcoming Mrs. McKinley to her new home, Mrs. Cleveland, who has won her way into the hearts of the people as few of her predecessors have done, was quietly withdrawing from the scene of eight years' happiness and sway. Shortly after her departure Mr. Cleveland also appeared. He was driven to the wharf to take boat for an extended hunting trip, while Mrs. Cleveland retires to Princeton to take up her private residence there.

At length the parade is ended, the contending sounds of the half-hundred bands are stilled, and it is now left for society to crown the pomp and glory of the day in the Inaugural Ball given in the Pension Building.

There were probably a great many Canadians and many Torontonians here for the Inauguration, but I only got trace of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry and Mr. Newton Powell.

Chairman C. J. Bell, to whose organizing power is due the success of the demonstration of welcome by the citizens of Washington to the new President, was formerly connected with the Imperial Bank of Canada.

It will be interesting to Torontonians to know that President McKinley is to attend the Metropolitan M. E. Church, where Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., D.D., formerly pastor of the Metropolitan, Carlton street, Queen street and Trinity Methodist churches in Toronto, is now stationed. Washington, March 6. R. H. J.

Sorrow's Impertunity.

I.
When Sorrow first came walling to my door,
April rehearsed the madrigal of May;
And, as I ne'er had seen her face before,
I kept on singing, and she went her way.

II.
When next came Sorrow, life was winged with sweet
Of glistering laurel and full-blossoming bay;
I asked, but understood not, what she meant,
Offered her flowers, and she went her way.

III.
When yet a third time Sorrow came, we met
In the ripe silence of an Autumn day;
I gave her fruit I had gathered, and she ate,
Then seemed to go unwillingly away.

IV.
When last came Sorrow, around barn and byre
Wind-carven snow, the Year's white sepulchre lay.
"Come in," I said, "and warm you by the fire."
And there she sits and never goes away.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Making Amusement a Business.

JOHAN MORLEY, the eminent statesman and writer, expressed the fear in a recent speech that young people in our day are inclined to take their athletic sports too seriously and the business of life too lightly. He did not depreciate exhilarating exercise. On the contrary, he declared that he could view with sympathetic delight the whole population of the country, male and female, old and young, racing about on bicycles, if only they would observe due laws of moral proportion and reserve their main energies for duty. He ventured to suggest that some part of the alleged success of the Germans in their desperate efforts to supplant English traders and manufacturers in the markets of the world might be due to their economy of the time and strength their competitors spend in sport. This is a timely message for a generation that is strongly tempted to make a business of amusement. John Morley is a keen and shrewd observer of the times. What he says is sure to have a solid foundation of fact. The danger-signal he holds out may have a salutary effect in checking the mad rush after pleasure which is sapping away the strength of many lives in our day.

Making an amusement of life and a business of pleasure should ever and under all circumstances be denounced as fatal to the development of the higher nature. In modern society the passion for pleasure is more and more coming to be regarded as man's chief end. The senses bound the range of the tastes of many young men and women of all classes. Their only conception of what they call "a good time" is amusement of some kind. "So they turn life into a huge playground, rushing from one game to another with pathetic eagerness and a hunger that never seems to be satisfied.

The consequence is that the ideals of nobility and goodness of character gradually fade away into empty air, and activity degenerates into the sensuous gratifications of a merely animal existence. Sport in itself is a good thing, but loved as many are learning to love it, it is a most mischievous thing. If the *summum bonum* bets make records and break them, the world will soon be a cycling course and all men and women merely cyclists. Better the gloomy severity of the grim Puritanism of the past than this flippant worship of pulsations of pleasure at the expense of the development of mind and soul. Amusement has its place, and our forefathers did not always rightly regard that place; but pleasure is wholly out of its place when it is upon the throne of any human life. It was never meant to be supreme. As a servant it helps and blesses; as a sovereign it hinders and curses by working mental and spiritual anarchy.

The wise man seeks to find the true sphere of amusement and regulates himself accordingly. The mind must be diverted, or, according to the old English meaning of the word, amused. If our work is mental, we absolutely need recreation in fresh air and exercise. If our work be more physical than mental, we need recreation by some employment of the mind. The hard toil of daily life exhausts our energies. The mind has been compared to a plot of grass which may be none the worse, or even much the better, when it is trodden on occasionally, and when the chance is offered meantime for the young blade to spring up afresh; but if it is trodden on continually, without any cessation and by great multitudes, the turf quickly becomes either bare ground or slippery mud. That is a fair and significant simile. We have heard of an energetic man who through devotion to a perfectly legitimate business got so exhausted and depressed that he had to be sent abroad "to find hilarity." Haggard, dull-eyed and listless, with all the life eaten out of him by excess of work, he was an object lesson to all who met him of the necessity of recreation. A scarcely less pitiful spectacle is presented by those butterflies of fashion who flit from flower to flower in pursuit of pulsations of personal pleasure. The golden mean should be strictly preserved by all who would get the most out of life. Neither work nor pleasure is the aim of activity, but to take enough of pleasure to refresh and strengthen us for the work in which our character can be shaped into nobility. Man is not a machine; far less is he a butterfly. He has aspirations which point to the stars, and only in the proportion that he is obedient unto these aspirations can he achieve the crown of his being. Making life a psalm of obedience to duty lifts him to the throne of manhood; making life one long search after amusement degrades him to the level of brute creation. D. S. Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The Death of Hatred.

AND with the sixth hour there came a darkness over the whole land. Hatred shuddered and drew closer about her the wind-tossed cloak that swept the hill-path along which she hastened. The cedars crooned and their fragrance was wafted heavenward like flames of nature-sacrifice; the cypresses murmured in rustling whispers that mingled with the purrlings of a liquid-sobbing stream.

Onward sped the dark, muffled figure—onward, towards the strange white gleam that shone about the Place of a Skull. On—on—the thorns pricked the delicate feet, but she heeded not; the briars caught the flowing robe but they could not hold her; the white light and the outlined form of a Cross beckoned her always.

They did not notice her when she came—they who bewailed and lamented Him; their hearts were filled with sorrow that they could not see the sorrows of others. It was not until the shadowy figure had passed them and alone was approaching the Cross that they beheld her. With a dumb horror they watched her, His mother with them.

"Who is it?" they whispered among themselves. And one with dry eyes said, "It is Hatred." Their gaze followed the low-bending form that drew nearer to the Hallowed One. They could scarce see her in the darkness; all they could discern was a dark-robed body hunched at the foot of the Cross. They could not see the trembling lips, could not hear the deep sobs, nor did they see the way in which He looked upon her.

The darkness deepened and they did not see the Blood that dropped from the Sacred Feet upon the white neck of the crouching woman; they could not discern the warm drops as they trickled across the heaving breasts, nor did they see the cross of red outlined above her heart.

And the woman arose and her yellow hair fell about her as she descended the hill. There was a new light in the blue eyes, and as she passed Mary Magdalene said, "Who is she?" And he who stood near with tear-wet eyes again answered, but he replied, "It is Love." And the veil of the Temple was rent in twain and the earth did quake.

H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

A Contentment of Dreams.

OLD KING HENDRICK, or *Soi-enga-rah-ta*, was a famous Mohawk chief who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was noted for his eloquence, bravery and integrity. In 1755 a battle was fought at Lake George between the French, under Baron Dieskau, and the English, under Johnson, which resulted in the defeat of the French. Old King Hendrick, then seventy years old but still full of bravery and courage, was killed. Sir William Johnson was a native of Ireland. After emigrating to America he took up his abode in the Western part of New York upon the Mohawk River, where he gained a vast amount of wealth. He was greatly beloved by the inhabitants in that part of the country, and also by the Indians, whose affections he had won by his affability and kindness. His knowledge of their language and customs, and his interest in their welfare, led to his appointment

as agent for Indian affairs on the part of Great Britain, and it was often said of him that he was the soul of all their transactions with the savages on account of his knowledge of their disposition and his shrewdness in dealing with the likewise shrewd Indians.

He was a personal friend of King Hendrick, and it was between them that the amusing contention of dreams occurred. Sir William Johnson had been sent a rich supply of finely laced clothes from England, and when the Mohawk chief got knowledge of the fact he became possessed with a desire of equaling the baronet in splendor and elegance of apparel. He appeared before Sir William Johnson and with a demure face and simple manner pretended to have dreamed that Sir William Johnson had presented him with an outfit from these elaborate garments. As this solemn hint could not be mistaken or avoided, he was straightway given a suit of the decorated clothing, and the Indian monarch returned to his home highly gratified with the success of his scheme.

But King Hendrick's shrewdness in obtaining the coveted goods was shortly to be reciprocated in a more valuable return. A few days later Sir William Johnson, in his turn, dreamed a dream to the effect that King Hendrick had given him several thousand acres of land. Upon this erroneous announcement King Hendrick exclaimed:

"The land is yours, Sir William Johnson; but now I never dream with you again; you dream too hard for me."

E. YATES FARMER.

A Peruvian Despacho.

Puck.

I WAS surprised and gratified to learn that I could register a letter in Peru. Oh, yes! The gentleman himself would certify it for me. *Bien!* If he would have the supreme fineness to do me the infinite favor.

"How not, señor? With a thousand joys, señor. It has to write your name behind, however, as *remittente*."

"All right! There's my name."

"*Pues*, to see how much it imports—six pounds, señor."

"How six pounds, you aberration? It's a letter, not a quintal of sugar."

"Ah, sí! A thousand pardons, señor! I was to say, six centimos."

"I don't care if you make it a kilometer, or a mile and a half! What I want to know is, how much postage?"

"*Pues*, señor! Six-for-eleven—that is seventy-five centavos; and to *certificar* is ten centavos *mas*. That makes a dollar and twenty centavos."

"One dollar and twenty cents! Six times eleven is sixty-six, and ten is seventy-six. Give me twenty-four centavos change."

"*Pero*, señor! Come, then—we will say a dollar, complete."

"You'll say your prayers first. *Abur!* Write me that receipt, quickie; for the steamer sails in an hour."

With that he goes away and finally finds the book under the cupboard, and climbs with it to his desk. By half an hour's hard work he finds the place; but then he has to descend to hunt up the receipts. With these he remounts and accustoms his nose to my chronography. But suddenly there is a snag. He turns an injurious eye at me and comes down.

"Señor, I fear I shall have to report this to the Senior Intendente of Police. Here is the same name on the front of the letter that you wrote on the back as *remittente*—Juan Smeeth. In these times that looks very grave. What thing is this here?"

"That, my noble Marquis of Malhaxatualma, is 'Mrs. Emmie, Erra, Essie—Missis. That wants to say 'senora.' It's my wife, in the States Unidos. *Sabe?*"

"*Pues*, señor, I feel it my duty to see the Senior Intendente. How can your wife carry the same initials as yours? This seems to me a Pierolist plot, and now we can't be too careful. Come to-morrow, and then, perhaps, you can have the letter—unless the Senior Intendente thinks you should be arrested."

Here I touch a cigar to the fire in my eye; and, putting the other end in my mouth, began to puff furiously—as always before a desperate deed.

"What a magnificent *puro*, señor! Is it of Guayaquil?"

"Naw! It's habana, you—er—say! Have one!"

"Ten thousand thanks, señor! *Pues*, as I was saying, this letter is very irregular, and would undoubtedly get you into trouble. But since I see you mean no ill—aye! but this is a good cigar! *Gracias!* That I will smoke later, in record of you. And as you desire to pay the whole importe—it was a dollar and a half, I think—*pues*, there is no remedy—I will send it. But it is most unfortunate that your wife was baptized under the same name as you—it will certainly molest you; especially in the interior, where they are very stupid. *Bien, pues*. Did we say a dollar and a half, or two dollars? Muchest thanks! Here is your receipt. Until soon, señor!"

Freshleigh—James, how does the button come into my salad? James (the waiter)—Oh! dat am pahb ob de dressin', sah!—*Princeton Tiger*.

"That pawnbroker's children seem to wear a great deal of jewelry." "Yes; it nearly kills me to see his twelve-year-old boy strutting around with my watch on."—*Life*.

Miss Manchester—Do you know that after Ellen refused Mr. Esplanade he actually committed suicide? Miss Monterey—Really? Dead in love with her, isn't he?—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"Behold," exclaimed the good fairy, "I touch thee with my wand and transform thee from beggar to prince." Subsequently, however, his beloved touched him without any wand and made him a beggar again.—*Detroit Journal*.

"There is no occasion for you to envy me," said the prosperous person; "I have as many troubles as you." "I allow you do, mister," admitted Dismal Dawson, "but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got nothing else."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. Porkchop (affably, having spent the whole afternoon looking at pictures without buying one)—My dear Mr. Canver, I wonder, now, if there is anything valuer than our artists about your pictures? Poor artist—Our efforts to sell them, madame.—*Life*.



The White House, Washington.

five thousand visitors, seen its entire length from the Treasury Building at 15th street, was impressive and not easily eradicated from the memory.

Shortly after ten o'clock on the morning of March 4, Major McKinley, accompanied by troop A of Cleveland, (the 8th Ohio regiment), from the native state of the President-elect, and a detachment of veterans of the 23rd Ohio Volunteers, McKinley's own regiment, and Vice-President-elect Hobart, accompanied by the First regiment of New Jersey, proceeded to the White House. The President-elect then entered the private carriage of President Cleveland, seated on the left, and the start was made to the Capitol. Entrance was gained through the famous Cranford bronze door of the Senate wing, situated on the north of the Capitol, and into the Senate Chamber. Here were gathered, on the ground floor, the ambassadors and legations of the different nations of Europe, Chief Justice Fuller and the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and

turned toward Mr. Cleveland, who sat with hands resting on the umbrella he held, listening attentively. The address which the Associated Press has been perused by readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, but its tone as delivered inspired the hearer with confidence, breathing as it did the true spirit of statesmanship and loyalty to the great nation he is to govern.

Immediately on the conclusion of the address the escort to the White House was formed. The procession was headed by the Governor's Island Band, the General Marshal of the parade, General Horace Porter and his staff, the personal escort of the President, then the carriage of the President, Mr. Cleveland on the left, and Senator Sherman, the premier of the new administration, in the seat in front; this was followed by the carriage in which rode the Vice-President, these two carriages being the only vehicles in the parade. Then followed a grand military display under command of General Grenville M. Dodge, regulars and

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AFRICA AUSTRALIA

Anecdotal.

During a recent all-night sitting in Tasmania Assembly, Attorney-General Clark took off his boots, and dreamed in his socks on a bench, and Gill, M.H.A., snored heavily beside him. Someone called the chairman's attention to the row, but he refused to interfere. "The remarks of the hon. member who is asleep," he said tartly, "are quite as much to the point as those of the hon. member who unfortunately remains awake."

A rural minister, says an English paper, paying some visits, one day heard an old woman saying to a pig which had eaten some potatoes belonging to her: "Go 'long! the devil chuck you for that." Passing on he neared a cottage where a flock of geese was flying before the thornstick of an ancient dame, who screamed loudly, "The devil hunt ye all." "He won't be up for some time, ma'am," said the minister, "for he is chucking a pig at the other end of the village."

An eloquent but short-sighted Aberdonian divine recently occupied the pulpit in a rural parish in Scotland. As only one person attended the service, the minister felt called on to apologize for the length of his discourse, but as the congregation unanimously signified its approval of his preaching, the minister continued with renewed vigor and prolixity. The preacher's feelings may be imagined when he learned that the solitary listener consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.

Phelim Murphy left Connaught in search of work, and during his first night's stay in Dublin he put up in a lodging-house which had a big bow window. Phelim got up before daylight, and groping around the room in the dark he

opened what he supposed to be the door. One step brought him out on the window-sill, and the next laid him low on the ground six feet below. Recovering somewhat from his fall, he rose ejaculating: "Faith, by St. Patrick, who ever saw a step like that to a blessed door!"

Mr. Foote can tell a lot of anecdotes of Sothorn. He said to a questioner recently: "Dundreary! Ah, yes! He was the most amusing creature on earth. You remember that absurd trick of his when he asked eighty people to supper, and wrote a private note to each man beforehand, to ask him to be so good as to say grace, as the chairman was unavoidably prevented from attending the dinner. The faces of those eighty men when they rose in a body to say grace must have been a sight indeed."

Cecil Rhodes has so intense a prejudice against the fair sex that he will not have a woman in his service. One day his secretary, of whom he thought considerable, announced to him his intention of marrying. "What!" exclaimed the millionaire, almost overcome with surprise, "Going to be married! Where, then, am I going to get another secretary?" He left the room, banging the door. His anger soon cooled, for he remembered the bride at the time of the wedding with some splendid diamonds, and on his return to England left her the use of his horses and carriages. But he did not retain the groom in his service.

The lay leader of a prayer-meeting in a Vermont town, sometimes invaded by summer visitors, seeing an evident stranger present, came to him as the meeting was about to open, and asked him his name and residence, and secured his consent to say a few words. At the proper time he asked: "Will not Mr. A. of New York favor us with a few remarks?" When the stranger sat down, the leader again spoke: "Will not Mr. A. of New York ask God's blessing on his feeble remarks?" A story of the same sort is told of a nervous man whose duty it was to move a vote of thanks after a lecture. He floundered along through various complimentary sentences, and finally flickered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture to which we have so ably listened."

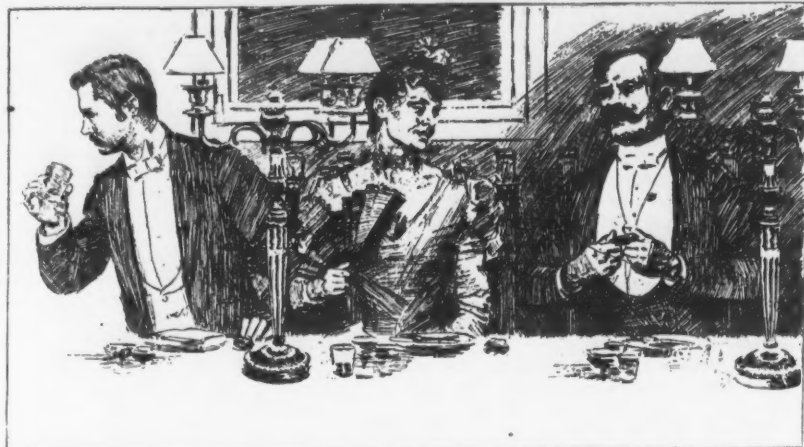
A good story has just been told by a family doctor regarding a little ruse adopted by one of his patients who wished to save the expense of consulting him. The patient was a woman of good means but of frugal disposition. One day she began to feel some alarm regarding her health, and, wishing to avoid a costly procedure, made an application to a life insurance company for a policy of large amount—so large, indeed, that they delegated three medical men to make an exhaustive examination of her before they could accept her as a risk. In due time she was informed that her life had been accepted. She was thus in a position to assume that she was quite well, whereupon she replied to the company that she had changed her mind, and did not intend to take out a policy just then.

Between You and Me.

ALADY writes to me a letter which has frightened me out of a year's growth, demanding to know several things. I don't always feel like emulating Solomon's conversational complacency to the queen who came demanding, in the slang of our present-day street-boys, "What do you know?" and in the case of my lady correspondent I certainly shall not. She asks among other things how I spend my Sundays, (Sabbaths is what she calls them,) and I can assure her that I enjoy and appreciate Sunday in its fullest significance as a day of rest, rest being in my idea a change of occupation rather than a recumbent position between the sheets. As to giving this sweet creature a programme of my Sunday occupations, I am afraid of encouraging impertinent curiosity, but I can assure her that they include devotion and exclude too much dinner or a mid-day sleep, these being the points she is in doubt upon. I don't think, if my correspondent had any notion how impudently her letter reads or in what a light it presents her religious convictions, she would be so apt to sign herself, "Your sincere friend." I really don't want sincere friends who are also sincere busy-bodies, and she may as well know it.

We have each our own flavoring, be it high or low; so much selfishness, which is the mother of sin, so much kindness, so much submission, so much love and so much malice, so much courage and so much truth, all blended, and making our lives sweet or bitter as the one or the other dominates. Thank kind Heaven we have, some of us, the faculty of minding our own business, which is the secret of keeping out of trouble with the world about us. One thing my lady correspondent asks me which shows just what one might expect. Says she: "Isn't it your candid opinion that Toronto society is rotten at the core?" Did ever you hear anything funnier? Toronto society is just the same as any other; there are black sheep in every grade of life, and happily black is a color which is easily recognized. One never hears such a remark as my correspondent makes, except from a certain type of person who has never been "at the core," and who is open to suspicion of having acquired the knowledge upon which her conclusions are based from peripatetic underlings who know how to entertain mistresses of her disposition. I don't often bet, but I should not be afraid to wager that my correspondent allows her maid to gossip to her about the affairs of her former mistresses, that is to say, if she has a maid, for possibly she may be rather the crony than the mistress of some long-tongued female. When a stupendous scandal is whispered among women, and when it cannot be traced to a man's club, it is almost sure to have been evolved from the gossip of an untruthful servant to a vulgar mistress. All of which is rather a check on the repeating of such scandals when one reflects!

When fate makes a woman a widow, fashion has a consolation for her. There is no such charmingly becoming garb as the modish mourning decreed for the woman who has lost the pride or the plague of her life. Plain faces



Miss Angelina once confessed to a bosom friend that she liked dinners, because there was a man on either side of her who couldn't get away.

become dignified and comely; handsome faces are idealized; gentle women look saintly and beautiful ones angelic. The proverbial irresistibility of the widow mainly lurks in her weeds; the trappings of grief appeal so to the chivalry and strength of manhood, to the sympathy and friendship of womanhood. Deep and wise was old Papa Weller when he bade Sam beware of the dear creatures; wicked was the inspiration which came to certain women, in circles not to be named, when they adopted the sad, meek garb of widowhood in which to ply their unholy trade. The widow is the center point of many a smart comedy, and often the victim of her own pathetic helplessness in a tragedy. Rich widows used to be fleeced by smart scamps, trustees, executors, legal advisers, but it's a very wide-awake fellow who gets the widow's mite in these enlightened days. Widows make one great mistake when they leave off their weeds, that is, young widows, or widows at all disposed to give life's greatest lottery a second trial. The average man who courts a widow finds his most subtle triumph in his power to pull off that sweet trifle of white lisse with the long diaphanous veepers; to banish those dear little bands from neck and wrists; to boldly put the most vivid posy in an acre of erpe, as it were. How loyal she is, says he; how faithful to a memory; truly, she deserves another man. When the widow of her own impulse shortens, lightens and banishes her shrouding veil, puts narrower folds on her frock, sneaks in a scrap of lavender and begins to wear violets, she makes, as I have said, the great mistake of her widowhood. Had she any idea of the spell she is weakening, she would wear the becoming garb till she changed it for the wreath of Hymen or the odorous tube-roses and lilies of the only bridegroom who never loses sight of womankind, be they widows, wives or maids!

A fascinating friend was talking to me of her baby boy, and chanced to say that she had been singing negro melodies to him on a Sunday. Then her traditions rose up and rebuked her, and she sang hymns, but the first she began while she was in a sort of unwilling mood was the wayworn, discontented jingle, I want to be an Angel. She sang the first stanza, and then, to quote her, "I just had to drop it, for it wasn't a bit true. I didn't want to be an angel, and I think to stand for ever and ever with a crown on my forehead and a harp in my hand would be a dreadful punishment!" Thus the spirit of the nineteenth century! Truth at any price! Well, it's worth the price of an old song surely, this secret of our freedom, to which is tagged the promise of the soul's emancipation in the most strong and luminous sentence I can recall, "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free!"

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

Z. G. R.—There is quite a family resemblance in you and Y. E. D. You have the greater force and dash, with more magnetism; otherwise the traits are similar.

NINA.—Do not get a red gown for spring. In the first place it is not a grateful color, when all the shades of nature eschew it; in the second, as you have only one best gown, you'd find it such a choice. Either of the dressmakers you name can make you a cycling dress beautifully.

OLIVIA.—You are a nice child. You are also going the right way to improve yourself, and I wish you well through Hamlet. Your writing has practically no character, but is frank, honest and painstaking, careful and reliable, with strong sense of right and excellent temper. Frankly, it can scarcely be considered writing, at all events as a test of character.

DAISY BELLE.—I cannot quite account for your not hearing; I quite well remember your friend's name. You are strong, energetic and true, good for a friend and not to be despised for an enemy. Undue self-assertion puts strength in the wrong place. Your will is firm and decided; you are conservative, imaginative, determined and slightly impatient. Might do an unwise but never a mean action.

TRANSIENT.—A safe place to keep the letters which are in your care would be a box in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. They are easily found on enquiry; the charge is about five dollars a year, and the place is easily accessible. On no account destroy the papers you have in trust. Just as sure as you do you will be called upon to account for them. I am glad you wrote and I will certainly respect your confidence.

TEDDIE.—What a self-satisfied being you are! Your writing shows great love of praise, some desire for effect, an utterly tactless and blunt mode of expression, which persons of your build call candor. You are bright and good-natured, discreet and somewhat mistrustful of others, though never of yourself. Your aim is unreliable and impulsive, and what you don't know would make a large book. You must be quite young, I think!

Y. E. D.—That rhyme ought to have appeared me. Your study is unfinished, crudely clever, so to speak, showing originality, affection, social instincts and

average discretion. It lacks fine sympathies, and you are apt to be careless in small matters. You are no logician, but apt to jump to conclusions accurately; writer may have artistic talent, but the character generally needs careful training, and is probably not yet quite formed.

YVONNE.—1. Certainly culture shows in handwriting. You practically answer your own question. 2. Your study shows grace and sweetness, some sense of humor, a refined and rather forceful nature, good constancy, sustained purpose, an even temperament, appreciation of beauty and harmony. A study rather illustrating the iron hand in the velvet glove, I should imagine. 3. Your letter was not a literary gem, but not exactly ungrammatical.

Our Amateur Theatricals.

Argonaut.
We did our best to make the cast
Resplendent with fair faces;
The tenor's blonde moustache stuck fast
And black beards choked the basses;
The actresses were pretty maids,
Quite partial to caresses.
The programmes blazed with varied shades,
The audience with dresses.

The prompter played the leading part
And pounded the piano;
'Twas he who won the Prince's heart
Instead of the soprano!
Duke Harold somehow lost his head
And flirted with his mother.
Then stabbed the servant maid instead
Of murdering his brother.

The bridal feast was laid in skies,
The alto ordered chowder!
The stage directors burned the flies,
And blue and yellow powder.
The audience escaped dismayed,
Exceedingly distressed—
But afterward, the critics said
'Twas wondrously successful!

Armorial Bearings.

There is such a wonderful craze for armorial bearings in the United States just at present that, according to a New York paper, the jewelers of New York, for want of time, find it almost necessary to decline orders for devising and engraving coats of arms and crests for their customers. One lady in Philadelphia, we read, the wife of a financier, is now sporting the arms of the Bourbons. How was it that the Duc d'Angou did not make her a defendant to his recent celebrated action? They are encircled with the Collar of the Order of the Saint Esprit, and are displayed on her note-paper, carriages and servants' buttons.

One of her neighbors has adopted the cognisances of the late Duke of Buckingham, which may be interesting news to Lady Kinloss as well as to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has explained the assumption upon the grounds that he "once had the honor of entertaining his Grace, the Duke, not the Primate, at his family dinner-table." The arms of the noble posterity of King Charles the Pious are quite common, both in Boston and New York. A Chicago tinned meat proprietor bears the Royal Arms of England, pure and simple; while a Hebrew banker of St. Louis has recently fixed upon the ensigns of St. Peter, surmounted by the triple crown of his Holiness the Pope.



Picking up Knowledge

Is easy enough if you look for it in the right place. This is the right place to learn just what to do for that debilitating condition which Spring always brings. Do you want to be cured of that languid feeling, get back your appetite, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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"Offers of Matrimony
should not be accepted by ladies from non-smokers," says Touchstone, that close student of human nature and one of the cleverest dramatic critics on the city press. Even then it should be stipulated that all orders for tobacco and cigars for the new home should be left at Muller's, nine King street west.

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Celeste.

(Continued from Page Six.)

tried and both failed. Poor Celeste, she couldn't act up to the part!"

"Please don't mention her again to me," Marcia rose. "I'm going now to find my brother-in-law," she said.

"I wish I could think that you forgive me," observed Noel very humbly.

"As far as I'm concerned I should very readily forgive you," said Marcia, enjoying a fine sense of magnanimity. "You mustn't think that I'm acting from personal feelings. It's so long ago, and, greatly as I suffered, I should not allow my own feelings to influence me in the matter." She was now at the door, and Noel was opening it for her. "It's my brother-in-law," she ended as she stepped into the hall.

"Is it really only your brother-in-law?" he asked. "You bear no grudge on your own account?"

"I have forgiven, and I will try to forget, your treatment of myself. It is Fred and Fred only."

"Honestly and sincerely?" he asked, following her into the hall.

"Sincerely and honestly," she declared. And she thought that her words were true.

"Will you give me your hand on it?"

After a moment's hesitation Marcia put out her hand. Noel Forrester grasped it heartily.

"That's all right!" said he in a cheerful tone. And without more he escorted Marcia to her cab.

"Dear me," said she, as she drove away, "he takes it very lightly." And she shook her head with sorrowful solemnity. But suddenly, in spite of herself, she smiled. "He seems to think more of my forgiveness than of anything else," she murmured. "What nonsense, to be sure! But I dare say the poor fellow regrets it all now!"

Fred was not at home when Marcia arrived; indeed, he had the good fortune not to appear at all before lunch, thus escaping a very trying interview. Marcia took her meal in solitary misery, conscious that poor Fred, still deluded, still undecided, was enjoying false happiness at 30 Tangent terrace. Surely Noel Forrester would not have the effrontery to be present! Yet who could set bounds to his effrontery? It seemed to be of that unconscious kind which rather ignores than defies the dictates of propriety and the voice of shame. He was mad, he must be mad; but Celeste was simply wicked. Mrs. Nettleton defined this difference between them quite distinctly and definitely as she drank her coffee. Then she went to Fred's room, removed Celeste's portrait to a remote corner, and sat down to read her *Morning Post*; after breakfast her agitation and her early start had combined to render a proper study of that journal impossible.

As she read, a brougham drove up to her door and three people got out. One of them opened the door with a latch-key and admitted his companions. The three then with stealthy tread entered and examined the drawing-room and the dining-room successively; both were empty. Then quietly and slowly they filed upstairs and came to the door of Fred's room. Their leader put his ear to the keyhole and listened; the rustle of a turned newspaper was audible. Holding up his finger he imposed silence on his companions. They waited some moments, during which nothing more was audible from the inside of the room. Then the three held a whispered conversation; the result was that two of them filed downstairs again, leaving the third in a watchful attitude by the door. He bent and listened again. Another rustle met his ear; Mrs. Nettleton was turning the *Morning Post* again.

"She must have got to the page now," he muttered, and he smiled joyously. A moment later there was a noise as of somebody rising suddenly and of a chair pushed back; then came a gasp, a little scream and a voice crying aloud in bitter anger and contempt:

"His granddaughter! How insolent and ridiculous!"

The watcher outside smiled more broadly, but did not move. The next thing that he heard was the murmur of a puzzled voice. The words he could not distinguish, but he guessed what they were. Marcia was reading over the paragraph in the *Morning Post*, and trying to understand the insane audacity which inspired it. He could fancy her expression at every line and the culmination of scorn with which she would read the last few words. For there could be very little doubt that Marcia Nettleton was perusing the following paragraph: "A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Frederick Nettleton, second son of the late Lieut. Col. R. Nettleton (Coldstream Guards), and Miss Celeste Vincent, daughter of the late Mr. William Vincent of Brighton, and granddaughter of Mr. Noel Forrester of Mere Park, Shropshire."

The murmur ended. "His granddaughter!" came again in scornful accents. There was a swift movement across the room; the door was thrown open wide. But then Marcia fell back in amazement. Noel Forrester stood before her, smiling happily.

"You! How did you come here?" she gasped.

He stepped in, and, paying no attention to her question, observed:

"It may sound odd, you know, but it's quite true."

Marcia held up the paper and pointed a scornful finger at the paragraph. The occasion was an admirable one for irony, and she was minded to employ it to the full.

"Granddaughter! You might have found something a little more plausible," she remarked, with a toss of her head.

"Do you think I might?" he asked in a doubtful, rather regretful tone.

"I suppose you're about thirty-five, aren't you?"

"Don't be too hard on me. Thirty-two, Mrs. Nettleton. Not a day more, on your honor."

"And she's—"

"Celeste's just twenty-one, Mrs. Nettleton—birthday in September."

Marcia surveyed him with scornful eyes.

"Why not be reasonable! Make her your niece," she suggested bitterly.

"Niece!" He seemed to turn the question over in an open mind.

"That would be possible, anyhow. Somebody might believe that—people who didn't know as

much about it as I do."

"But I've no married sister, or brother either. That makes it difficult."

"Oh, you could invent one. That would be nothing to you."

Noel Forrester assumed a candid and appealing smile.

"I'll do anything to please you, Mrs. Nettleton," said he. "She shall be a niece, if you wish it. I agree that a granddaughter lacks probability. But, excuse me, would it suit you as well if I made her my sister? For family reasons it would be more convenient to me to have her a sister."

"Oh, if you like," said Marcia. "But there's a little difficulty about the names, isn't there?"

She looked at him in malicious triumph. He had forgotten the names!

"About the names? I don't quite understand," he murmured apologetically.

"Brothers and sisters generally have the same surnames. You don't mean a half-sister?"

"Oh, no; my own sister, please. Nobody ever heard of my having a half-sister."

"Really, you're a little dense. You see her name is Vincent and yours is Forrester."

A sudden light seemed to break in on Noel Forrester. He advanced a step nearer to Marcia, then after a little pause he asked:

"You're quite sure about the personal grudge? You remember what you said about it?"

"I really have nothing but pity for you. But as for her—"

"That's all right; never mind her. Well, you see—do look a little more gentle, Mrs. Nettleton, or I can't go on, I can't indeed!"

"I'm ready to listen," Marcia declared.

"You see—in fact, when I inherited Mere Park, I took the name of Forrester. But Celeste kept her own name." He looked rather as though he wondered whether she would believe him.

"Then you mean to say—?" cried Marcia.

"I mean to confess that she's my sister, Mrs. Nettleton. I never said she wasn't, you know. As for Mrs. Forrester, whom you were so kind as to ask for, the maid thought you must mean my mother, Mrs. Vincent. She's unhappily an invalid, and hasn't been able to take Celeste about, so she's not very well known. I'm sure I hope you will make her acquaintance, though."

Marcia had fallen into a chair and was regarding him with a helpless stare. Was it true? Then calamity was averted. But at what a cost! How had they dared to make such a fool of her? Noel came to the hearth-rug and stood looking down at her.

"Fred and Celeste are downstairs," he observed. "Fred brought us here. Shall I ask them to come up? Fred knows all about it now, you know."

Marcia made no answer. Presently, however, she looked up and asked:

"Was it because I said Fred was my husband?"

"That put it into my head." He drew up a chair and sat down by her. Marcia did not attempt to avoid this proximity. "And then you were so gloriously suspicious," he went on, with a smile of reminiscence. "The blue room suggested such terrible things to you, didn't it? Now, do you think you'd have believed me if I'd said Miss Vincent was my sister? And then—well, Celeste has always been fond of private theatricals." He glanced at her for a moment.

"And then—" he said; but here he paused.

"Well, what then?" asked Marcia.

He turned and looked her full in the face. She was flushed and she frowned, but it seemed to him that the line of her lips was not so set and rigid as it had been hitherto. He smiled, just a little, in a timid and tentative fashion; Marcia's lips were suddenly pressed together in a marked accession of severity.

"And then—" he began again. "Well, in fact, a little anger doesn't spoil your appearance," Mrs. Nettleton.

A pause followed this observation of Noel Forrester's. He cast his eyes down to the ground and did not raise them again for several minutes. When he did, Marcia's were down-cast.

"I never said she wasn't my sister," he murmured. "And you did say—"

"Oh, do be quiet!" said Marcia.

Suddenly the door opened. Marcia sprang to her feet, ready again to be very angry. But no time was allowed her for expression of any such feeling. A graceful, slight figure darted across the room and, before Marcia could take any defensive steps, she was in Celeste's arms, and was being kissed by that young lady.

"Oh, you dear!" said Celeste. "It was perfectly horrid of us, wasn't it? But I don't think I was ever so much amused in all my life!"

And she kissed Marcia again with the utmost affection. "You do forgive us, don't you?"

Noel Forrester interposed gravely.

"You must not think, Celeste," said he, "that Mrs. Nettleton was acting from personal feelings. It's long ago, and, greatly as she suffered, she will not allow her own feelings to influence her in the matter. It's her brother-in-law—"

"And her brother-in-law," said Fred from the door, "is not resentful!"

Marcia looked around at them. They were all smiling in the most shameless manner. At last the smile broke out on her own face.

"At least I'll never say I'm anybody's wife again!" she cried.

Noel Forrester looked at her for an instant, and then up at the ceiling.

"You mean—unless it should happen to be true, Mrs. Nettleton?" said he.

And in a certain space of time it happened to be true.

THE END.

Great Changes.

A writer in *The Church at Home and Abroad* says: "Whoever wishes to see Palestine in the garb it has worn for unnumbered centuries must visit it soon. The people are adopting European dress and ways. Our inventions are coming. The telegraph is domiciled, and soon the crooked stick will give way to the plow; the camel stands aside or runs bellowing into the field, as I have seen him do, while the engine rushes on, and the Palestine of Bible days will be no more."

Slumleigh—I don't see why you care so little for me. Miss Gyer—Have you ever taken a good look at yourself?—*Town Topics*.

Oh, the Multitude Who Say It!

Speaking of another world than this, a certain Book from which so many draw comfort in times of trouble, says: "The inhabitant never saith, I am sick." But in this world the air is full of the weary, wailing cry, "I suffer so," "Can nothing be done to rid me of pain?"

Here is another case of it—another out of a number beyond all counting or imagining. Yet this one got well. Do you want to hear about it? or do you know of any pain-racked mortal who might like to hear about it? Then read, either for yourself or for someone else. We give the facts exactly as they were given to us.

"In the early part of 1889 I began to suffer from illness. I had at first a bad taste in the mouth and belched up a sour, gaseous fluid. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had a burning pain at my chest, and palpitation of the heart. I had also a gnawing, grinding sensation at the pit of the stomach, with a feeling of sinking as though I were being bodily lowered into a pit. My food never seemed to settle, but repeated, and I had to spit it out; this going on until my stomach was empty."

"I lost a deal of sleep at night. I got very weak and thin, losing over a stone of weight; I was so feeble that I could hardly drag myself along. As time went on I grew irritable and nervous and took no interest or pleasure in anything."

"Sometimes better and at other times worse, I continued in this way until August of last year (1893), when I had to give up my employment as collier at the Waterloo Main Colliery, where I had been at work for seven years. At this time I had got so bad that I sat in my chair from morning till night, too weak and prostrated to go about. When I did venture out I dare not go alone for fear I should fall down in the street."

"At times a strange feeling came over me, as if my heart had stopped beating; and on one of these occasions I felt as if I were dying, and said to my wife, 'Lass, it's all up with me.'"

"During my long illness I consulted several doctors, and they all said my heart was sound, and that the trouble was all from my stomach and liver. They gave me medicines and recommended a change of air. I therefore went to Blackpool, Scarborough, and Whitby, but was no better either from the change or from the doctor's physic."

"One day a book was left at my house telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I thought it might possibly help me. So I got a bottle from Mr. Webster, chemist, Green Road, and when I had finished that bottle I found relief, for my food no longer repeated and the pain at my heart was easier. I kept on with the medicine and soon my appetite returned, and I could eat without feeling any pain and distress. Gradually I improved, getting stronger and stronger every day. I can now eat anything, and do my work with pleasure. I feel quite a new man, and consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup has saved my life. Yours truly, (Signed) George Hopton, 25 Bayswater Terrace, Roundhay Road, Leeds, February 8th, 1894."

No words of ours can add an ounce to the weight of this plain and manly letter. From it, as from a hilltop, we can see the sad picture of those four years of misery. The discouraged and suffering husband, the patient, burden-bearing, helpful wife. Heaven be praised that it all ended as it did—in renewed health—instead of as it might have ended. The disease was that insatiable fiend and monster—indigestion and dyspepsia; cunning as a fox, destructive as a man-eating tiger. In this case, as in so many others, Mother Seigel's Syrup demonstrated that power which has made it celebrated all over the world—in palace and in hut, wherever the inhabitant saith, I am sick. If you are one of these, try it now. If you are healthy and happy, thank God for that, and pass the news of George Hopton's illness and recovery on to any who need to hear it.

God Save the Queen.

Here is a new verse for the National Anthem which is going the rounds of the English press. It was written by Mr. Martin S. Skeffington:

Thou Who for threescore years
In sunshine, cloud, and tears
Hast kept our Queen,
Still be her Guide and Stay,
Thro' life's uncertain way,
Till dawn the perfect day,
God bless our Queen.

IT DOESN'T PAY

TO PARLEY WITH RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatic joints, and aching limbs mean inability to work, and inability to work, for most people, means inability to gain a livelihood. So from that point of view it doesn't pay to parley with Rheumatism. Then there's another side of the question—the days of agony and suffering.

How many people are there whom Rheumatism compels to give up their occupation, and throw up a splendid position that it took them perhaps years to attain?

Mr. Thomas Warren, of 134 Strachan St., Hamilton, states under oath that he had to give up his situation in the shops of the "Big Four R. R." on account of Rheumatism. He tried mineral springs in Indiana and mud baths, but these did him so little good that he returned Home to Hamilton a cripple.

Then he started taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and four bottles have completely cured him. He feels fit to start to work now. If he'd only known of Kootenay at the outset, how much time and money he would have saved, and how much suffering he would have escaped.

Mr. James Watson, living at 64 Florence Street, in the City of Hamilton, makes a sworn statement, he is employed as moulder in the Grand Trunk shops. He had Rheumatism so bad in his feet and knees that he could not work steadily. He says since taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure he has not felt a twinge of Rheumatism.

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It will pay you if you are a victim of Rheumatism or Sciatica to investigate the Merits of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. To parley with these diseases means loss of time, loss of money, loss of health.

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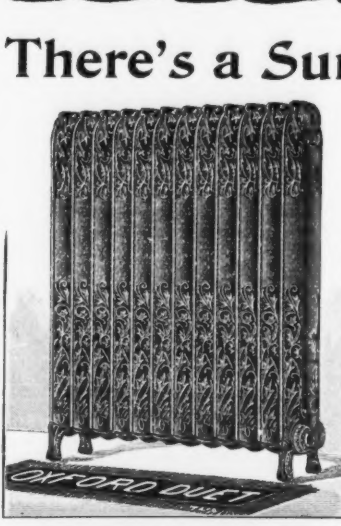
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Confederation Life Building

(WEST END)

The Relation of Tobacco to Drink.

FOLKS who despise tobacco should be the last to acknowledge it to be a luxury.

says James Payn in *Illustrated London News*, yet I doubt whether they will be pleased with the recent decision in the American courts. It has been decreed by the law that henceforth the weed so essential to the comfort of mankind, but especially of the poor and suffering, shall no more be considered a luxury but a necessity. In a country that is at least as full of fads and prejudices as our own, it cannot have been easy to get this done, and it is a proof of its saving common-sense. Independent of the overwhelming testimony in favor of the beneficial effects of tobacco on the wounded in the Franco-German war, and of the piteous yearning for its solace among the very poor, its influence in the diminution and, indeed, the abolition of excessive drinking in the upper classes can hardly be over-rated. If the ladies do detect an aroma from cigar or garette when the gentlemen appear in the

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PANTOMIME

Gesture, Action in part or play, by

A. ROY MACDONALD, JR.

Graduate of Royal Schools of Ballet of Italy, Spain, France.

drawing-room, it is surely better than seeing them enter it much later and with that unsteady gait which was habitual with our grandfathers. The magnams of port and claret would certainly not have disappeared from our after-dinner tables, as they have done, through the attractions of coffee; it is the tobacco, that goes so well with that unalcoholic liquor, to which this reform is solely due. It is amazing how little this is recognized by the apostles of temperance, who, on the contrary, appear to imagine that smoking produces drinking.

Some Seed Thoughts.

In his book on The Education of the Central Nervous System, R. P. Halleck says: "It is probable that one seldom gets an absolutely new idea into his head after he is thirty."

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—Benjamin Franklin.

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living, in a little time, much beneath them.—Addison.

Music.

SOME discussion has taken place of late as to the rights of the present "Toronto Philharmonic" to trade on the name and reputation of the old "Philharmonic Society," which latter organization ended its long and somewhat chequered career some few years ago. The facts of the case have been twisted and tortured to such an extent to suit any particular phase of the discussion, that a plain statement of the truth regarding the matter will not be deemed inopportune. When the old Philharmonic Society had passed through successive seasons of artistic and financial disaster the latter having been brought about largely through growing apathy of the public regarding the Society's performances, it was decided by those most immediately concerned to reorganize under another name, to wit, the Festival Chorus. The reorganization doubtless had two purposes in view, one of which was to enable the chorus to continue its struggle under somewhat new conditions, with the hope that the public might discover in a new name a prospect for brighter things musically in the future; the other was to allow the directors of the old society to look after its accumulated indebtedness and wrestle with the problem of bankruptcy as best they might, thus relieving the new society of any financial worry and enabling them to begin work with a "clean slate." The change, however, did not work wonders. Concert after concert resulted in financial loss—the chorus and orchestra grew more inefficient with each appearance, until even the Messiah could not be gone through with excepting in the most perfunctory and amateurish style. At this juncture some brilliant intellects bethought themselves of a scheme whereby use might again be made of the name of the old and incorporated Philharmonic Society, which, although it did not end its existence much more gloriously than the Festival Chorus, yet had the prestige of age back of it, whilst the character of its collapse had to a certain extent been forgotten by the public. To this end Mr. Torrington and his officers blossomed forth with one more new society, namely, the "Toronto Philharmonic," the significant word "society" having been dropped in order to escape any responsibility for the debts of the older organization. Even this bit of scientific jugglery did not avail, and after a few more desperate attempts at accomplishing something or other Mr. Torrington withdrew "owing to ill-health and the advice of his physicians," and introduced in a graceful speech to a handful of well-meaning, faithful but harmless chorists, the new conductor, Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, "a brother Englishman whom he respected," and under whose baton he hoped the reputation of the Philharmonic would continue to grow (sic). Mr. Torrington also expressed his regard for his old associates and stated that he "would always feel the greatest interest in the work of the society, although no longer its conductor." Auld Lang Syne was sung by all present, Mr. Torrington conducted the Hallelujah Chorus as a parting word, and the angel of peace settled over this beautiful and soul-stirring scene. A short time afterwards, the musical world was startled by the news of a squabble between the officers of the Philharmonic and Mr. Torrington as to who should be privileged to conduct the jubilee performance of the Elijah. Mr. Torrington having announced his intention of organizing a new society for that special purpose. After much tussle concerning "rights," "promises," "contracts," and similar fol-de-rol, Mr. Torrington finally came out victorious and the Elijah performance was given under his baton in November last. His society was continued under the somewhat unusual name, for an oratorio society, of the "Jubilee" Chorus, and is now in the field, under that name, struggling for supremacy with the Toronto Philharmonic, which organization, under Mr. Anger, has succeeded in keeping up the unfortunate record of the last few years of the old Philharmonic. Following this society, as stated above, came the asthmatic existence of the Festival Chorus and the spunky fight of the existing organization before it was handed over to Mr. Anger so dramatically and touchingly. The Jubilee Chorus and the Toronto Philharmonic (which latter society Mr. Anger claims is in direct line of descent of the old Philharmonic Society—all others being "pretenders") are now scrapping for the right of appearing in local churches, several dismal performances by a crude body of singers under Mr. Anger having already taken place in St. Michael's Cathedral. Mr. Torrington's "Jubilee" singers are to hold forth in the Metropolitan on Good Friday, I believe, whilst Mr. Anger is arranging a patriotic festival for June next in commemoration of Her Majesty's glorious reign. This, in brief, is the unhappy history of oratorio in Toronto during the past few years. In next week's issue I will endeavor to discuss the orchestral situation, with the hope that some good may result from a frank statement of the condition of affairs as they exist at present.

I am informed that a certain irresponsible musical contributor to an otherwise admirably conducted local daily takes exception to the claim advanced by me some weeks ago in this column that the Toronto Male Chorus Club is the oldest of our existing musical organizations. The identity of the aforesaid contributor, it is whispered (indeed, he proudly whispers it himself) when he seeks to attract attention to his effusions which otherwise would pass unnoticed, is well established as that of a local conductor whose frequent lamb-like references to himself over his *nom de plume* have created so much merriment of late in local musical circles. In a roundabout way he presents the suggestion that the Male Chorus Club is the oldest of our existing musical societies, and seeks to prove that "there are others." The Mendelssohn Choir comes in for a special share of his attention. Now this society, it is plain, has for a long time been a thorn in his flesh. He flounders around considerably in trying to prove its age, the too apparent object being to belittle the work and influence of its real founders. The amazing, and none the less amusing, statement is made that the society is simply the old Vocal under a different name, in proof of which attention is drawn to the fact that on the committee of the present society is one name which appeared in

a similar capacity in a former society. It might be stated in this connection that the Vocal Society did not actually withdraw from the field until the Mendelssohn Choir had been organized, and that the actual organizers of the Mendelssohn Choir were young men who had never held office in any previously existing organization. Other names were added after organization had been completed, one of whom had held office in the old Haslam Society. The same line of argument, however, would establish the Male Chorus Club as the old Philharmonic under another name, because of one gentleman on the committee of the Male Chorus who had held office in the defunct society. However, what most interests the public is not the age of an organization so much as its work. Even Mr. Torrington's latest venture, the "Jubilee" Chorus, will attain great artistic and financial success if it succeeds in establishing a certain standard for its performances, notwithstanding that it is still in the "first consecutive year" of its existence. Let us hope that the solution of the oratorio problem may yet be found in the achievements of Mr. Torrington's "Jubilee" singers.

With all the new inventions in pipe-organ manufacture which are materializing from time to time, and among others sundry new devices for blowing organs, the venerable avocation of organ-blower, or "assistant organist," seems destined in the near future to pass into history as a mere memory. Many good stories are told of organists' experiences with their "blowers," but the following little yarns probably cap the climax in their way:

Sometimes the blower has just that little knowledge which is proverbially so dangerous. Mr. Elliston tells that one blower of his acquaintance had a strong objection to the hymns being sung at a rapid pace. "Look here, sir," he would say, pointing to a tune in the hymn book, "this here's a minnim, ain't it? Now, if you sing the minims so fast, what is to become of the minims?" Aye, what indeed! It used to be the custom of the organist in a certain church to hand the blower a copy of the service to be sung; in fact, the man of the handle demanded it as a right. On one occasion the regular organist was absent, and the deputy who took his place did not furnish the wind-producer with the usual music. All through the Te Deum and one Benedictus the wind came in intermittent streams; sometimes there was a cessation, and anon a few jerks. This was enough to try the temper of the most genial organist in existence, and of course there was an angry interview at the close of the service. "What's the matter with you?" the blower asked. "I was the service you was a singin' of?" He was informed that the service was Calkin in C. "There you h'are! You see, I had no music given me; and there was a blowin' Clarke-Whitefield in G." The story reminds one of the blower who has his own old organist and transpire it in every key, for getting through the Hallelujah Chorus, and ceased blowing for a strange organist when that time was up. Being expostulated with, he assumed an injured air and replied that he should know how long it took for that ere piece, having "blowed" it so often.

A local music teacher has issued to the public a soul-stirring circular, from which I take the following eloquent, if somewhat amazing, statements:

The music loving people of the city have now an opportunity presented to them of obtaining a thorough and complete musical education at their own home; under the instruction of one of the OLD MASTERS; who will introduce the first principles on which the science of music is based, advancing the student through the various stages in the different departments of the study, until they are competent to read music at sight and transpose it in every key. This can be easily accomplished by beginners and more easily by older students.

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With one of the "OLD MASTERS" (he does not say how old) right here in our own midst, musical progress should take on a spurt in Toronto such as never has been witnessed heretofore.

West Association Hall contained a large audience on Thursday evening of last week on the occasion of a recital by piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music. The following talented group of performers took part in a programme of exceptional merit: Misses Roberta A. Welch, Abbie M. Helmer, Gwendolyn Roberts; Messrs. Cecil Carl Forsyth, Peter C. Kennedy and Walter H. Coles, all of whom acquitted themselves with marked credit both to themselves and their very capable and thorough instructor, whose artistic work in his specialty as a piano instructor has frequently been commented on in this column. Recalls were numerous, one brilliant performer, Miss Roberts, being obliged to appear four times in response to an insistent encore. Several others were also recalled and the enthusiasm of the audience throughout was most pronounced. Valuable assistance was rendered by Miss Violet E. T. Roberts, soprano; Mr. Oscar Taylor, violinist; Miss Maud Cummings and Miss Violet F. McNaughton, elocutionists, and by Mr. A. B. Jurey.

The concert given by the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church on Thursday evening of last week attracted an immense audience, the church being filled to overflowing and many hundreds being unable to gain admission to the building. The choir had the assistance of Miss Edith Miller, contralto; Miss Ida McLean, soprano; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist, all of whom acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of their reputation as artists. Solos were also sung in one of the choir selections by Miss Dora McMurry, the talented young soprano, and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, the well known baritone soloist, both members of the church choir. Of special interest to the audience was the newly re-built organ which, on this occasion, was heard for the first time outside the regular church services. The splendid tone of the instrument and its almost endless resources are a tribute to the builders of the organ, Messrs. S. R. Warren & Son, the entire key and stop action being constructed on their electro-pneumatic plan.

It is not surprising to find that the subscription list for the Ben Davies-Watkin Mills concert on March 30 is rapidly filling up, as the

attraction is too strong to be resisted by those who know something of what is to be expected from those artists. Quite a number of Torontonians have heard Mr. Ben Davies in Europe, and their verdict gives him the palm of first place among the great tenors of the world. "From all accounts it is evident that it will be an education as well as an extreme pleasure to hear this great artist. It is scarcely necessary to do more than mention the name of Mr. Watkin Mills in this connection. He is a baritone of surpassing excellence and has already delighted more than one great audience in this city. In addition there will be a double quartette of selected voices, who will render a number of Moore's melodies. The success of the concert is already assured, and it promises to be one of the events of the season. A subscribers' list is at Nordheimer's.

A very successful performance of Handel's Messiah was given in Berlin on Thursday evening of last week by the local society, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Zoellner, assisted by Miss Delta Ziegler of Detroit, soprano; Miss Specker of Berlin, contralto; Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor, of Toronto, and Mr. Fred Warrington, basso, of Toronto. The soloists were all warmly received and the performance generally is highly spoken of by the daily press of Berlin. Special mention should be made of the excellent work of Mr. Schmalz in the obligato in The Trumpet Shall Sound. Our Toronto soloists who took part in the performance inform me that they have never heard it rendered with as good effect as on this occasion. Mr. Warrington sums up Mr. Schmalz's playing in this exacting number as "perfect."

The piano recital given by Miss Kathrine Birnie on Monday evening last in the theater of the Normal School was a most gratifying success. Miss Birnie has for some time past been recognized as one of the most talented of Mr. H. M. Field's piano pupils. Her playing on this occasion was worthy of her best past efforts and of the reputation of her master. Unusual pressure on this column this week prevents a detailed notice of the recital, but it may briefly be said that Miss Birnie's artistic work, as well as that of Mr. Walther, violinist, and Mme. Walther, soprano, provided an evening of thorough enjoyment to the large audience present.

A concert will be given in Elm street Methodist church on Tuesday evening next under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, who will have associated with him the full choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church; Miss Jessie Perry and Miss Lillian Hall, solo organists; Mme. Mima Lund-Reburn, contralto; Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor, and Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld, violinist. Solos will also be taken by Miss McMurry and Mr. Nesbome of the choir, and others. A very attractive programme has been prepared, including a number of the most popular selections in the repertoire of the choir. Admission will be free, but a silver collection will be taken up.

Mr. Fred Warrington, who recently resigned his position as choirmaster of Sherbourne street Methodist church, was on Thursday evening last presented with a magnificent gold-headed cane by the choir as a mark of their esteem and appreciation of his valuable services in past years. Mr. Warrington leaves his old appointment with the best wishes of all his old friends and associates both in the choir and congregation.

A reunion of the Male Chorus Club and a number of friends of the organization was held in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening last. A delightful programme of music was furnished, after which refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Miss Emma Mullin, a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, has been appointed soprano soloist of St. John church, Port Hope. Another talented pupil of the same successful instructor, Mr. V. Hutchison, has been appointed solo tenor of the Carlton street Methodist church quartette.

Mr. Paul Hahn, the popular 'cellist, is rapidly coming into prominence among our local solo performers. A number of engagements have recently been filled by him with excellent success, and he is booked to appear at several important concerts in the city and province in the near future.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. W. Baldwin Thibaudeau, barrister, of Rat Portage, who has been in the city for the past five weeks on business in connection with his extensive mining properties, left for home on Monday. Miss Gwendoline Thibaudeau will, however, remain in Toronto for some time to complete her art studies.

Miss Maggie Gooderham of Maplecroft is going to Montreal to visit Mr. and Mrs. Warden.

Miss Mary Elwood gave a young girl's thimble tea for Miss Rogerson last Saturday afternoon at her lovely home in St. George street.

Apropos of recent notices in regard to the proposed presentation of colors to the Royal Grenadiers, I have heard that the canvass for the necessary funds to purchase the colors in England has been most successful. The idea is to present them to the regiment on the Queen's Birthday, thus replacing the present tattered ones, in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. The committee of ladies who have the matter in hand comprises: President, Lady Gzowski; first vice-president, Mrs. H. J. Grasset; second vice-president, Mrs. Dawson; Mrs. Cumberland, Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Heward, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Gosling, Mrs. Greville Harston, Treasurer, Mrs. Harry Paterson; secretary, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson. The following are interesting facts connected with these colors: Mrs. Cumberland (wife of Col. Cumberland, the founder of the regiment) presented them to the regiment in July, 1863. In November, 1888, just twenty-five years after, the same lady was president of the committee of ladies who undertook to have them repaired, and the name "Batoche" embroidered on them, and she again presented them to the regiment at the Pavilion. All the ladies on the committee now, with the exception of the president (Lady Gzowski), are either the mothers or wives of ex-officers of the regiment. It is proposed that, when the regiment get their new colors, the old ones be deposited either in St. James' or some other church in Toronto that may be selected. This is in accordance with the usual custom in the British army.

The marriage of Mr. Alfred E. Morson and Miss Jessie Dalton, niece of Lady Wilson, took place in the Church of the Redeemer on Wednesday, Rev. Rural Dean Jones being the officiating minister.

A baby boy arrived at 4 Earl street on Monday, and pretty little Mrs. Anglin is again a mamma who will receive much love and congratulation.

The Old Orchard hockey boys had a very jolly concert in West Association Hall on Wednesday evening.

The members of the Calumet Club and a number of guests were dined at the rooms of the Club, Yonge street Arcade, on Saturday night last by the president, Mr. Will Ziller, Mr. Chris. Robinson and Mr. P. M. Anderson. The dinner was a delightful success, and the toasts brought out some good speeches and songs. During the evening the president, in the name of the Club, presented a diamond pin to Mr. Howard Clemes, who leaves the city to reside in Port Perry, and a beautiful medal for the bicycle mileage record for last year to Mr. Vaux Chadwick, past-president of the Club. The Calumet Club is a select organization of essentially jolly and clever young men, banded together in the names of Fun and Comfort, and they are making a great success of it.

A few of the persons who are staying with friends in town just now are: Mrs. MacKay, the Member's wife from Ingersoll, who is with Mrs. Leys in Sherbourne street; Miss Rogerson, who is visiting Mrs. W. D. Matthews; Miss Annie Barker, who is the guest of Miss Mabel Lee, and Miss Minnie Pattullo of Woodstock, who is at Mrs. Gregory's in College street. Miss Jean White of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. Lehmann of Spadina avenue. Mrs. Patterson of Embro is staying with Mrs. Arthur Ross in Bloor street.

The vacancies in the various Boards of Directors caused by the death of Mr. James Austin have been filled as follows: Sir Frank Smith takes the President's chair at the Board meetings of the Dominion Bank; Dr. Larratt Smith fills the same vacancy on the Board of the Consumers' Gas Co., and so the business world goes on as before. But there is a vacancy which cannot be filled, in the hearts of the wife, the children and the grandchildren, yes, even a beloved little great-grandchild at Ravenswood will miss the kindly old man, whose head and heart were always to be depended upon. Mr. Austin's long and successful career was bound up with the business progress of Toronto, and all classes will miss him.

Miss Atkinson, of 20 Maitland street, has just returned from a delightful visit with the Bishop and Mrs. DuMoulin at the See House, Hamilton.

Mrs. Lally McCarthy has been quite ill with grippe, but is now better.

One may forgive one's own wickedness and excuse one's own omissions, but who can condone one's own stupidity? One gets a lesson sometimes, as when on a misguided impulse I mentioned to a College hockeyist that the Wellingtons were a dear, bonny lot of boys, and that we were to have a splendid picture of them in the paper this week. And the way he looked at me—more in sorrow than in anger—withered my truthful tongue and made me ready to bite it off. For the Jews have no compliments for the Samaritans. Apropos of this, I missed the Wellingtons' bright dance the other night, and under stress of illness forgot to get a report of it, for which I may be forgiven on account of my tribulation just narrated, perhaps.

An earnest worker, whose best sermon is the example of a consecrated life, has given me a little printed appeal to Toronto women for the famine-stricken natives of India. I shall not insert it here, because she, or someone else, has already unloaded it upon the daily papers, and our space does not admit of padding with stale matter. But to those Toronto women who have paid their just debts and have felt those



sympathies which unloose the heartstrings and the purse-strings of the real, true woman, the salt of the earth, as it were, I would remark that they can send any sum in aid of the suffering Orientals to any of the following addresses, whence it will be forwarded: Baptist Book Room, Richmond street; S.P.C.K. Book Room, 17 Richmond street; Methodist Book Room, Richmond street; Upper Canada Bible House, 102 Yonge street; Rowell & Hutchison, 76 King street east; Michie & Co., King street west; Michie & Co., 408 Spadina avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Murray are making a long and delightful visit in Montreal. Their pretty home in Avenue road is *maison fermee* for the present.

If you met a lady, ordinarily the pink of neatness, with one glove off and her bonnet askew on any morning this week, you might know she was *de retour* from the salvage sale in King street. How could they do it? Is what amazed men wanted to know as they listened to the angry and excited accounts of the experience of their womenkind.

A few bicycles are seen about, with enterprising women steering them clear of ice and mud. The cycle schools are opening up. A very convenient and comfortable school for morning lessons, when even busy women can steal an hour, is the popular academy of McDonald & Willson on Yonge, just north of Queen. This was, I fancy, about the first opened down town; at all events, a very large number of our best lady riders took lessons there last year, and the school is highly recommended by everyone. There is every convenience, dressing and waiting-rooms, good space and attentive and expert instructors. No

one learns on the public streets since such schools are available, but, avoiding injuries and inconvenience, takes a course at the cycle school.

A Landmark's Removal.

The name Dinsen, hatters and furriers, known to every Torontonians and to nearly every Canadian for the past 22 years at the corner of King and Yonge streets, will, at the close of the present month, be removed to 81 Yonge street, nearly opposite their present premises. This removal is rendered necessary, as the old premises are to be pulled down to make room for a new building. To reduce to the lowest possible point their enormous and carefully selected stock of furs, the firm have cut the prices on their entire fur stock to cost prices. This will enable the public to secure exceptional bargains.

The Regal Shoe.

One of the handsomest shoe stores ever opened for the patronage of Toronto's public is now being fitted up at 81 Yonge, just between King and Adelaide streets, for the sale of the renowned Regal shoe. The new store will be ready for business on Tuesday next, and the stock includes the very finest goods that can be produced in ladies', children's and gentlemen's shoes.

Parties contemplating going to Florida will do well to consult or write for illustrated literature to Mr. J. R. Walker, 15 Toronto street, Toronto, or for special railway rates and information about hotels, tourists' resorts, orange, lemon and pineapple plantations or truck farms, February, March and April being delightful months in the "Sunny South."

Mr. R. Barron, "the leader in good things to eat," whose establishment at Yonge and Car streets is known as the palace grocery of the city, has opened for the convenience of east end customers a branch at 201 Wellesley street.

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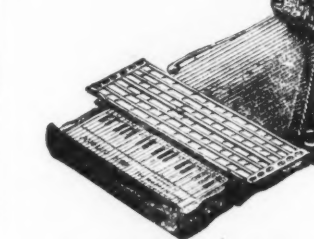
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A graduate of Martyn College, Washington, D. C., will begin a course of lessons in the Hailston System of Physical Culture in Toronto on the 22nd March. Full course ten weeks, three lessons a week, \$10; half term \$5. Children's class, two lessons a week, \$5 for ten weeks' term. Special attention given to exercises for developing the chest, breathing, walking, standing and poising. For further particulars apply to 227 Robert Street, Toronto.

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... NOTICE ...

The annual meeting of the shareholders of THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., will be held at the offices of the Company, 26 Adelaide Street West, on Wednesday, March 17, at 3 p.m., when the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

R. BUTCHART, Sec.-Treas.

IF YOU WISH TO RENT

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Apply to Cashier.

Ottawa Society News.

"Le roi est mort, vive le roi" has been the cry in Ottawa society since June 23, and the people who hoped "those horrid Grits would not get in, as it would ruin Ottawa society" have been the very first to establish an *entente cordiale* with the new-comers. Sir Adolph and Lady Caron, who are most popular with all classes here, are still with us, occupying their handsome residence in Daly avenue and entertaining people as usual, irrespective of race, creed and politics. Sir Adolph Caron fills one's ideal of *un vrai gentilhomme*, and Lady Caron, though rather reserved and quiet in manner, is universally liked and respected, and is a very devoted member of the Holy Catholic church. Made-moiselle Alice Caron, a dainty *mignonnette* brunette, reminds one of a French *marquise* of the Faubourg St. Honoré and is very popular with all the young people at the Capital. Mr. Adolph Caron, who spent some years in Toronto and is well known in society at the Queen City, is familiarly called "Paddy," and resembles his father so much that he is termed a chip off the old block.

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, though absent for some years, have numberless friends at the Capital, which was testified at the recent celebration of their golden wedding. They have bought a very handsome residence in a fashionable locality here and have settled down for the remainder of the season. Miss Mary Tupper, a daughter of Mr. Stewart Tupper of Winnipeg by a former marriage, who usually resides with her grand-parents, is expected here shortly and will make her *début* here at the drawing-room. She is an extremely pretty girl, and was very popular in London, having been presented at Court not very long ago, and assisting at the many social functions given by Sir Charles and Lady Tupper during their term of office in the great metropolis.

Hon. George E. Foster and Mrs. Foster also still reside here, much to the delight of the philanthropic women, among whom, as well as socially, Mrs. Foster is not only popular but most useful; owing to her untiring energy in good works.

Hon. John Costigan has rented his house for the session to a Member of Parliament, but he and Mrs. Costigan still reside in the city.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, who for some months has been occupying a furnished house, has now bought a handsome residence on Sandy Hill, into which they will move on the return of Madame Laurier from California, where she has gone to see an invalid brother of the Premier.

Hon. Mr. Fielding has bought the house lately occupied by Sir John Carling, and with his wife and family is now residing there. The Carlings, who are immensely popular here, will be very much missed, though Miss Carling spends a great deal of her time at the Capital with her sister, Mrs. Vernon Nicholson. Mrs. Fielding, wife of the Minister of Finance, is a very pretty woman, rather petite, and of pleasing manners. She has a charming daughter who has made her *début* here and is already popular.

Hon. Mr. Davies has taken Mrs. Cambie's house (who with her family is now in Toronto), and with his family is settled there. Mrs. Davies is well known here, as she has been in the habit of accompanying her husband to Ottawa during the session. Mr. and Mrs. Davies have one daughter in Boston studying elocution, and another here a *débutante*, a pretty young girl.

Hon. Mr. Blair has bought the house lately occupied by Hon. Mr. Dickey. Mrs. Blair and her daughters have been here for some weeks and have already made a number of friends.

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière is socially quite the most popular man in the Cabinet, not even excepting the bachelor Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Sidney Fisher. Sir Henri and Lady Joly have not taken a house here. Dame rumor says they will soon be in Government House, Quebec, but have a suite of rooms at the Russell. Sir Henri has made himself deservedly popular with the fair sex, by returning his wife's visits with her, by no means an easy undertaking here, and by often appearing at 5 o'clock teas. He is a tall, handsome man, with courtly manners, seldom or never seen nowadays, and looks every inch the Huguenot of ancient pedigree that he is. Lady de Lotbinière, as she prefers to be called, dropping the first name, is an English woman, tall, good-looking, with gracious manners. She has started a Shakespearean Club here, which is distinguished by being the only club that has kept to the limited number decided on at the beginning.

Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell and family arrived here last week, and after a few days at the Russell took possession of their new house. Mrs. Dobell, the late Sir David Macpherson's eldest daughter, is not so well known here as her sister, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Government House, Toronto, who, when her father was Speaker of the Senate and her husband Speaker of the House of Commons, was immensely popular. Mr. and Mrs. Dobell have a daughter married in England. Mrs. Dominick Brown, and a daughter with them here, who spent some time at the Russell last session.

Mrs. Borden, wife of the Minister of Militia, was beginning to receive and pay visits when Dr. Borden's accident brought her at once to his side. Mrs. Clark, her mother, a charming old lady, and Miss Borden, a handsome brunette, remain during Dr. Borden's enforced absence.

Miss Mulock of Toronto, daughter of the Postmaster-General, visited Madame Laurier last session and made so many friends that her return is eagerly looked for. Much regret is felt that Mrs. Mulock is not to live here, but on *dit* that Mrs. Monk will do the honors of her brother's house.

Miss Tarte has been here a good deal this winter, a pretty girl with the vivacity of French-Canadians. Madame Tarte, wife of the Minister of Public Works, is too much of an invalid to leave home.

There is always a great scarcity of men at all Ottawa functions, but this season the prospect is perfectly appalling. Girls are flocking in from all parts of Canada prepared for the seasonal gaieties—sisters, cousins, aunts, old maids, young maids, rosebuds, *débutantes* and those who have reached the ages beyond which no woman goes till after death. Of course the House of Commons, not to mention the Senate,

supplies a certain number of the necessary sex, but they, alas! are not traveling for pleasure and do bring their wives, and are not like the historical American senator, who, having succumbed to the charms of an Italian countess, make his escape was obliged to confess, "Madame, I have a wife and seven children at home and they are all down with the measles." No, there will not be enough men to go around and the effect in a ball-room will be very depressing.

Much regret is felt that Mrs. Dickey, wife of the late Minister of Justice, is not to be with us this session. She and Lady Charles Hibbert Tupper are by far the most popular Ministers' wives that we have ever had here; both tall and good-looking, with the fresh complexions that women of the Maritime Provinces always have, and quite singularly simple, gracious, winning manners. Lady Charles Hibbert Tupper is here now with her family at the Gilmour, and will probably remain during the session.

The Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen have had their usual skating parties every Saturday afternoon, and a few small dinners, but have not yet begun to entertain on a large scale.

A Tip for Temperance Men.

An interesting feature in the prohibition crusade in New Zealand is furnished by the Bill which is now being brought forward in prospect of a general election. One clause of this Bill enacts that even the small quantity of intoxicating liquor which may be sold by licensed officials for medicinal use is first of all to be made unpalatable in a prescribed manner, for fear the patient should enjoy it.



GROVER CLEVELAND,
Ex-President of the United States.

His Lucky Day.

HE sat at the table, writing; she by the wide fireplace grinding maize in an old coffee-mill. It was a slab but with the crevices between the uneven planks clay-plugged; above, the bare rafters, the inner surface of the bark roof browned with smoke.

Seated on the earthen floor, two ragged children were playing jacks with dried peach-stones—they were noisy and quarreled over their game. The mill kept up a regular scrunching sound, but the man heeded it not; his face beamed, the rapid movement of his pen was interrupted only while he gazed with illuminated eyes into the gray bush seen from the open door. At times he smiled—the triumphant smile of one victorious.

"Ann," he said, "I have got an inspiration—it's simply wonderful. No one has ever thought of it before; it will make my name."

"Yes, John," answered the woman wearily, "but don't you think you had better dig some ground for potatoes? I could beg a little seed from my brother."

"We are all Christians, Ann—all love one another and believe the Bible. Why not call delegates from the rich and poor together in conference, and, coming to a mutual understanding, abolish poverty? I would take the chair and see fair play. It is bound to succeed; every man, unless he is a fool or a rogue, must agree. It will be the greatest event in the world's history."

"Or couldn't you hoe a few hills for pumpkins, John? We have nothing to eat now but hominy, and goodness knows what we shall do when that is gone."

"And, after the conference, my dear, they can surely do no less than make me a paid executive officer, to carry out the scheme."

"You know I do not understand these things. Remember how you were going to abolish standing armies and prevent war by writing to the Emperors of Germany, France and Russia, and I don't know who else—and you never heard any more of it. And the postage on those letters would have bought us a bit of meal for dinner this day."

"No doubt I was sanguine, Ann, in saying that they would send for me at once. But they are thinking it over. My reasons cannot fail to strike them. We may have a royal courier coming for me shortly."

"I want something to eat, mother!" the boy on the floor cried out.

"You must wait until the pudding is cooked," said the woman.

"I want bread," shouted the boy.

"With butter on it," whispered the girl, who, though not crying herself, was willing to add her moral support to the agitation.

"I want bread with butter on it," screamed the boy, raising his terms with alacrity.

The man continued to write—he heard nothing. The woman, having finished her grinding, went out in the bush to gather sticks. The child, finding his outcry unheeded, relapsed into sobs and his game of jacks again.

Presently the woman returned to the door-

way, tears in her eyes, a strange man by her side.

"It has come at last, John. I always said it would come!"

"What is it, Ann?" replied the husband, jumping up.

"It's a bailiff from Stone, the storekeeper you gave the mortgage to. He is tired of waiting, and has sent to take possession, and—and—we must go. Now see what all your fine ideas have brought us to!"

"Don't worry, my dear. I always thought we were buried here in the bush; let us go into town, where there is more scope. Yes, more scope," he repeated, as though the word pleased him.

The woman with an exclamation of despair ran off to a neighbor's, the crying children clinging to her skirts.

The stranger entered the house and sat down. Later, the wife came back with Robson, the next selector, driving his horse and dray. On this vehicle the scanty furniture and personal effects were packed, the family took their seats on top, and the dray moved townwards.

"This is most unfortunate," said the neighbor sympathetically.

"Yes," said the man, "I have been trying to impress upon that bailiff the advantages to society of the co-operative principle, but I never met anyone so dense. He does not seem to realize the first principles of political economy. This bush-life is accursed. If a man has brains he becomes a crank—I might even get that way myself if I stopped here much longer—and with poor intellect he is little better than the beasts that perish."

The neighbor did not answer but called to his horse.

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187 Yonge Street, Toronto

He did not see the bush-track, the dog-rail fence, or the squalid signs of poverty he was leaving; before him was unfolded a gorgeous panorama, a regal procession of monarchs in an empire city, with banners and music and splendour. He was himself seated in the midst in a golden chariot acclaimed by a multitude, a God amongst men. Entranced, he took out a soiled pocket-book, and with a beaming face noted the day of the month. It was his lucky day.—Ex.

A Shabby Trick.

THAT was a very shabby trick which Bunting played upon Larkin.

Larkin is a great student of matters which lie outside of the ordinary. One of his fads is a deep interest in "doubles," and I think he has an idea or a theory that every human being is possessed of an exact duplicate somewhere on the earth's surface.

One afternoon Bunting saw Larkin start on a walk which he had reason to believe would last for two or three miles. It was along a street traversed by a cable road. Bunting then conceived the diabolical scheme which I am about to relate, and also proceeded to put it into execution.

Boarding a car, he very soon overtook Larkin. Then, alighting a square ahead, he walked down the street, met Larkin, passed the time of day, and went on.

This was a very simple operation, and of course excited no surprise in Larkin. After Bunting had passed his friend, he boarded the first car he met, and once more overtook him. Alighting as before, a square or thereabouts in front of Larkin, he once more bore down on him.

When he said, "Good-afternoon, Mr. Larkin," and passed on, that gentleman looked somewhat surprised, but said nothing beyond returning the greeting.

Once more out of Larkin's sight, Bunting signalled a passing car, and was soon carried past his strolling friend. Some distance ahead of him he left the car and again walked back so as to meet him.

"Pleasant afternoon," said Bunting to Larkin when they met; and the former would have gone on, but Larkin stopped him, and said:

"Haven't I spoken to you once or twice in the last half-hour?"

"Not that I know of," replied Bunting.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, two men have met me inside of that time, looking for all the world like you. I'd be qualified if it was you who spoke to me the second time. The first time I am not so sure of, for I was thinking."

"That's odd," said Bunting.

"Very. You must have an exact double in this town, and, what is extremely remarkable, he dresses precisely like you, and knows me

well enough to call me by name."

"That's very odd. If you see him again I wish you'd let me know, for I would much like to meet my double, if only to see what I look like."

Bunting passed on, and soon repeated his previous performance.

When they met, Larkin actually turned pale; and when Bunting said, "Howdy, Larkin?" the latter grasped a railing for support.

"What—does—this—mean?" he gasped.

"What does what mean?" asked Bunting.

"Your being here again?"

"Well, why shouldn't I be here? I live a few squares beyond."

"But I've met you three times in the last thirty-five minutes!"

"Nonsense, old fellow! I left home only ten minutes ago, and haven't been down-town yet."

"Why, I met you three blocks below, and talked to you about another man I met farther down the street, who looked so much like you he must be your double."

"Did you talk to him too?" asked Bunting, with a sarcastic accent.

"Said good-afternoon."

"And you thought both of those men were I?"

"I was positive of it."

"Are you still positive?"

"Well, if I am to believe my own senses, yes; but in the face of your statement that you have but just now left home, I am puzzled. It's a most extraordinary psychological phenomenon. I supposed at first that it was your double, but now I am convinced that it is a veritable duplication of your identical self. It's something new in—"

"Larkin, I am afraid you have been drinking. Your imagination has been running riot with you. Let me advise you to swear off. Good-day."

Larkin went on, puzzling his brain over the incident, and in about five minutes he stopped still, for here was Bunting coming toward him with outstretched hand, and the greeting:

"Hello, Larkin! I haven't seen you for a week. How are you, old man?"

But Larkin did not answer. He fell to the pavement in a faint, and was carried into a neighboring drug store.

"Just a slight attack of vertigo, wasn't it?" asked Bunting, when his friend recovered consciousness.

"Bunting," Larkin replied, "I'll have to take your advice and sign the pledge."

"I never advised you to sign the pledge," protested Bunting.

Larkin looked at him, shook his head sorrowfully, and remarked:

"I'll give it up. Take me home."

Bunting is telling the story to his friends, but Larkin hasn't heard it yet, and is still trying to solve the remarkable psychological problem.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

"The place was robbed last night." "Indeed? What was taken?" "Nearly everything. In fact, the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."

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Said Life to Art, "I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity.

"But when in thee my craving eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be."

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the February Century.

All the black-and-white work at the Woman's Art Association Exhibition is of a very high grade. Miss Grayson Smith's sketches of the church and quaint old house are well done; she suggests color admirably. The illustrations in line work by Miss Springer and Miss Sullivan are an education to anyone wishing to study line work for reproduction, so bold and broad is the drawing. Mrs. Elliott's wash drawings are occasionally a little at fault in draughtsmanship, but she seems to enter so entirely into the spirit of her subject as to make them its real interpretation. One black-and-white, a young woman in street costume, is perhaps the best, better than those in color at least. Among the water-colors two very delightful glimpses of woodland, sunny, well finished, yet not overworked, are Mrs. J. W. Maclean's sketches in Muskoka. Miss H. Macdonnell has treated more broadly her sketches in Quebec and house in New Orleans, choosing each time a very picturesque subject. A very simple subject is a glass holding a few hepaticas by Miss Mary Phillips, but the delicate handling suits well the flower—dainty pink and gray against a pinky-gray background. In the October Evening the sky has the feeling of the late evening, but the foreground belongs to another time; it is too light. Mrs. Hemsted shows a tendency in a number of sketches, more marked than formerly, to impressionism. Across The Marsh is the most pleasing, and in spite of a certain wooliness has good tone and color. Miss Ethel Heaven has rendered a winter sketch with much breadth and transparency, and has a fairly successful study of a negro boy's head. If anyone is looking for color, fresh, crisply handled, altogether delightful, let him or her go to Miss Galbraith's Bit of Garden, or, better still, her Poppies. The artist has followed no conventions and the result is exquisite. Miss Dalton's Roses are loosely painted, not too definite. Miss Amy Cross has two genre pictures—Children's Meal Time, three little ones seated on the floor eating from a common dish, rather posing in attitude but exceedingly well drawn; and Baby's Supper, in which a little lad whose head just reaches above the table watches his little sister seated at her meal. The spirit of childhood is well expressed. Miss Boulton's sketches of picturesque bits in England—an old gateway in Richmond and street in Penzance—are treated very effectively. Miss Spurr, among the oils, contributes two landscapes, pleasing but somewhat overworked. Miss Cameron Edwards is the only exhibitor of wood carving; two specimens are a paper-rack and a panel of artistic design. Miss Beresford Tully is unrepresented this year in this department. Somehow, there seems to be some impelling force to draw one back to the picture mentioned first—Miss Holden's Widowed but not Forsaken. It is a poem in thought and color.

Last Saturday Mr. J. W. L. Forster delivered a lecture on Sacred Art in the Nineteenth Century, in the chapel of Victoria College. The history of sacred art was reviewed, and the causes which had contributed to its growth as well as those which had brought about its decline, chief among these being the royal patronage, whose commissions were often for historical scenes. The speaker touched on the social and moral revolutions which, together with science and wider spread of learning and enlightenment among the great masses of the people, had quickened a keener search into the truths of our Christian faith and raised the

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moral standard. Sacred art was defined as the treatment of Bible themes, including the worship of God, the sacred acts of the prophets and the disciples of Christ, with historical incidents in the life of Christ. The spirit of modern art dealing with sacred subjects was described and compared with that of medieval art—the latter was tinged with gloom, even despair; the former looked upward and outward towards better things, a fuller life. This century began a new era. Towards the close a review of the more important painters was given, beginning with Cornelius and a number of his contemporaries, Kaulbach, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Lessing, and later, Holman Hunt, Munkacey and others, bringing the list up to the painters of our time. The characteristics of each nation were dwelt on slightly, the conflicting influences of the Teuton and the Latin. Among the men of the present time who are pre-eminent in sacred art were mentioned Karl Bloch in Denmark, Skredsvig in Norway, Uhle in Prussia, LinHermitte, Besnard and others in France; but, greatest perhaps of all, in his power of expression, Gabriel Max in Austria.

A "Madonna and Child," which experts believe to be by Cimabue, Giotto's master, has been discovered in London. It has been for thirty-five years in the possession of Canon Harford, of Westminster, who obtained it from the Balgano family, in return for his assistance in disposing of their collection. The picture is a fresco painted on plaster, backed by wood, and has been painted over in oil with the exception of the faces of the two figures. Sir E. J. Poynter, the new president of the Royal Academy, believes that its genuineness is unquestionable.

Miss Eleanor Douglas has established herself in a studio in Bridgeport (the little Dutch village on the Grand River not far from Berlin), where she intends remaining for the summer. For lovely scenery, picturesque, quaint buildings here and there, and homely, homelike interiors, no better place could be chosen. Miss Douglas has not exhibited for more than a year in Toronto; her work is strong, usually landscape, and belongs decidedly to the "Doon" school.

Mr. L. Bracony of Chicago has just finished the clay model for a bust of Mrs. McKinley, which was executed in less than a week and is now ready to be put into marble. It is said to be an excellent likeness of her who has so recently become the "first lady in the land." The French painter, Chartan, who with his wife is spending some time in America, was engaged at the same time in painting a portrait of Mr. McKinley.

Mr. Carl Ahrens has on exhibition in Rochester a picture, After the Shower, which, from what we have heard of it and know of the particular merits of the artist's style, we should judge to be a success. Mr. Ahrens is in that city himself at present, but intends making his home in Canada, though most of his work is exhibited on the other side.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy opened last Tuesday in Ottawa. Before this appears in print there will have been a new Royal Academician chosen at the yearly meeting of Academicians.

The Woman's Art Exhibition remained open last Monday evening to give those busy through the day an opportunity to see the work, an arrangement of which many availed themselves.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The First Symptoms of the Boating Fever.

NOW is the time of year the Veteran Yachtsman goes down to the shore on bright Sunday afternoons and gazes wistfully over the ice-cones to the dark blue water of the open lake beyond. Then he takes a chew of tobacco, sighs, and proceeds down to the boat-house to look at his boat. Here he finds numerous other boating enthusiasts, some of whom he hasn't seen since the close of navigation last fall, each talking about his own vessel, and now and then separating himself from the group to lovingly inspect it again. The Veteran Yachtsman stands at the stern of his own particular treasure and looks with swelling bosom and kindling eye down the magnificent curves to the stem; walks to the bow and squints with one eye at the beautiful lines from stem to counter. Then he mentally calculates the time between now and the first of May, and rubbing his hands with anticipation, in the glow of his heart asks other veteran yachtsmen to have a bite of his plug, and the other veteran yachtsmen accept the offer in the spirit in which it is made. Sociably they gather out on the front platform where the sun strikes warm on the wood and the building shields them from the raw north wind. There they can see the sun glinting on the white-caps, the blue sky with its few fleecy clouds, and by a violent exercise of the imagination make believe it is summer. Their boating enthusiasm, frozen up all winter, melts and overflows like a spring freshet, and their tongues are loosened.

"I hear Thompson is going in for a hollow mast this season," says a gentleman who half an hour before he struck the atmosphere of the boat-house had been a spick and span, precisely correct business man out for a sedate Sunday afternoon walk by way of aid to his digestion. Now he has his hat tilted over one eye and his hands are in his trouser pockets.

"Pshaw!" says the Veteran Yachtsman with fine scorn, "that tub of his with a hollow mast. He might as well stick a hollow mast up in his back-yard and hang a shirt on it. He'd sail about as fast (Thompson once beat the Veteran Yachtsman in a race—by a fluke, of course). Why, I mind coming in from Oakville—wind just about north by north-west. I ran away from him as if he was moored, me with my little topsail that wouldn't make a half of his. The wind shifted a little more to the west coming across Humber Bay, I mind." And he gazes out across the lake and spits reflectively.

And then "Cap," the boat-house-keeper, comes out in his faded blue jersey, and blinks in the sun, and inhales deep breaths of air as a man would the smoke of a cigarette. He takes the Veteran Yachtsman back into the boat-

house to look at the boat again. He has been making some alterations on her during the winter.

"Thar she is," says Cap in a non-committal, let-it-stand-on-its-own-merits sort of way. "Thar she is. I've put a noo bobstay onto'er; I've put a noo plank into'er, an' she's every bit as good as noo."

The Veteran Yachtsman listens, delighted. "Thar's two noo coats o' pint onto'er, and the pint's the very best pint money kin buy. Thar she is—noo bobstay an' all—just as good as noo." And he steps back and squints at the general effect of two coats of paint and a new bobstay with a critical eye.

Then they go out to the platform again and listen to "Shorty" Butler tell of a harrowing adventure in a squall; how the topsail halliards got stuck in the block; how he shinned up the mast, while the yacht lay over till the water came into the cockpit, and he never really thought she'd right herself again; how he cut the sail loose and how it shot away like a puff of steam, etc.

And Cap tells of a man up Nipissing way—smart young feller, too—who had an island with ten acres into'er, and had a house built onto'er, and he owned a yat and a skiff, and on the skiff he carried three hundred and four feet in the main but had too large a proportion of headsail onto'er, and he got cot in a squall and she wouldn't answer the stick, and she lay over and filled and sank because she had too much ballast into'er—and he can't just rightly remember what became of the young man.

And then they all tell yarns and lie heartily like honest, plain-spoken sailors, and bask in the sun and feel a fellow feeling with the whole world.

Suddenly a heavy cloud comes over the sun. The lake becomes a dark, cold gray. The north wind somehow finds its way around to the platform.

A few flakes of snow fall. Summer is a long way off after all. The genial flow of talk is stopped. The spick and span gentleman buttons up his overcoat and straightens his hat.

"I guess I'll be stepping up street," he says. "Hole on," says Cap in his drawing voice. "I kind o' think I got a stone jug with the matter of half a gallon into'er inside somers'ers." And so they go inside somers'ers. S. H.

Rev. Timothy Hare.

(A warning to seekers after publicity.)
For Saturday Night.

The preacher gazed at the empty seats
That once were filled with a gaily crowd,
And waxed impatient to think that now
The people were thinning—and wondered how.

His "sixthly" he late had whittled down
Till only the "thirdly" was reached by him;
But still the seats with a vacant stare
Were vexing the soul of poor Timothy Hare.

He had threshed in succession the Sunday cars,
The pool-room bets, and the noxious weed;
And still the papers with scornful mien
No notice took of his 'scaping steam.

He grieved to think that the years might pass
And his pulpit deeds be forgotten quite;
So he scanned the papers with eager eye
That nothing of interest should pass him by.

He sighed as he thought of the bloomer girl
And the surging crowds this theme might bring;
But Brother Fourthly, just over the way,
Had booked this subject the other day.

At last he started, and brightened up,
As a paragraph in the sheet he spied;
"It's just the ticket," he loudly roared,
And forthwith went to the bulletin board.

"The Rev. Timothy Hare," (it read)
"Will preach on the subject of boxing bouts;
And trusts that the public (and pressmen too),
Will keep this subject before their view."

All week he studied the fighting man,
His vicious life and attendant ills,
Until the reading upset his mind,
And roused his interest in the boxing kind.

However, upon the next Sunday morn
He sternly called all the boxers down,
But first he glanced with a curious air
To see if the pressmen were sitting there.

The sermon o'er, with contented mien
He hastened home to his well cooked meal;
Then, taking his papers, he went to bed
And carefully pillowed his weary head.

He took no interest in the Famine Fund,
The Ministerial page he skipped,
From the Home and Foreign Missions fled—
And turned to the sporting page instead.

Trenton. B. KELLY.

A Practical Joke.

IF you want to have some fun, take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all bastings and that they are unraveling not only your clothes, but yourself.

A commercial traveler who invented the trick says: "I was to see Wilson Barrett in Claudian last week. It was during the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Everybody was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright and didn't know, or care to know, a soul around me, when suddenly I felt someone tugging at the basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unrolled. Half-glancing around I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at the thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards and was now hauling in, hand over hand. He didn't care to stop because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. Rip, rip, went the thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. 'For heaven's sake, will it never end?' said he above his breath.

"I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell! I never saw anything half so funny. The whole section of the house got on to it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, but sat and looked on, amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger gave one frantic rip and yanked

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out about eleven yards in one bunch, and as the cotton got twisted around his watch-chain, over his eye-glasses, in his hair, and filled his lap, I turned around and producing the spool from my pocket said: 'I am sorry I misled you. You see I have about one hundred and twenty-four yards left, but I presume you don't care for any more to-night. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiling.' The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was as red as fire even to his ears. He

looked at me and then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and when the crowd caught on a big laugh went up."

Beat 'Em All.

"My grandfather," said Bibbs, "died at the age of ninety-four."
"My grandmother was one hundred and three when she died," remarked Dibbs.
"And in my family," put in Tomkins, not to be outdone in boasting, "are several who aren't dead yet."

Social and Personal.

The popularity of bachelor hospitality was borne out on Saturday by the many nice things said about the tea given at the Alpha Delta Phi House, by Messrs. Fitzgibbon and Meredith, who were most assiduous hosts. The guests were received by Lady Meredith, and for two hours the rooms were crowded by Toronto's prettiest girls and matrons, to say nothing of the fellow-collegians of the Fraternity men who were fortunate enough to be partakers. Nominally the hosts were as above, but they were most ably assisted by the other members of the fraternity in doing the honors of the cosy chapter-house, whose hospitality is already so well and favorably known to Toronto's young people. An Italian orchestra played in the hall, and the music was only surpassed by the dainty refreshments which were served in the dining-room, where the flowers were of the most beautiful. It is not false praise to say that the arrangements were as perfect as if the fair entertained had been entertainers. Among those present were: President and Mrs. Loudon, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Lady Meredith, Miss Meredith, Mrs. and Miss Meredith of London, Mrs. Thorburn, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Flintoft, Miss Beatty, Miss Maude Beatty, Miss Drynan, Miss Falconbridge, the Misses Chaplin of St. Catharines, the Misses Lamport, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Macdonald, Miss Mathews, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Small, Miss Reid, Miss Michie, Miss Hoskin, Miss Temple, Miss Waddie, Miss Allan, and Messrs. Andrews, Allan, Archibald, Scott, Ross, Counsell, Church, Hardy, Stovel, Hills, Hoskin, Gow, Geary, Thorburn, McCrae, Gordon, Clarke, Evans, Falconbridge, Chaplin, Meredith, Mullin, Roper, Moore, Stewart, Somerville, Scarfe, Smith, Parry, McKay, Robertson, Flintoft, Bain, Blackwood and Mallock.

Mrs. and Miss Sheila Macdougall are going south shortly. Miss Sheila has had a long siege of bronchitis this year, which has kept her a prisoner a good deal. Mrs. Adam Creelman and Miss Jennings are also going south at the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Austin Smith and Mrs. Percival Greene have gone to the West Coast for a visit of some weeks. "The glorious climate of California," as the old-timer in the play calls it, is much appreciated by those of our friends who are there just now.

Mrs. Williams, wife of Capt. Williams (at one time an officer stationed at Stanley Barracks, and now quartered in Winnipeg), is renewing old friendships during a visit in town. Mrs. Williams is stopping at the Arlington, where a very nice lot of people are this winter in residence.

Mrs. Arthur Ross is now able to be downstairs. Her friends have found her illness a great hindrance to the perfection of their pleasures, of which Mrs. Ross is always the head and front.

A number of ladies interested in art and culture have a weekly reunion for purposes of study. The Art Club, as I believe they designate their very interesting *coterie*, meets next Monday afternoon at Mrs. McAndrew's in Madison avenue, which bright little lady is an enthusiastic member of the class.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne reports a gratifying improvement in the health of her little daughter after their sojourn in Texas. Mrs. Osborne will come to Asheville for a time shortly.

Mrs. Magurn and her daughter, Mrs. Humphrey Anger, who have both been laid up with a severe attack of gripe, have gone to Clifton Springs for a visit, hoping to return soon quite better.

The Senator, a play of politics in Washington and love the world over, was presented by Crane on Wednesday evening to a fine audience. In the stalls were many well known people who laughed till they were tired at the Senator and the "Lootenant," as the people called a great, placid giant, recalling Taffy, who was here with Tribby some time ago (minus the whiskers). The ladies' gowns were charmingly made and most becoming, particularly one pale-blue evening frock worn by the impressionable widow, Mrs. Hilary. This and several of the others were so plainly just from the modiste, in their dainty, crisp freshness, that I was not surprised to hear they were the work of Stitt's clever dressmakers, who are gaining quite a prestige among the dramatic sisterhood. Scarcely any smartly gowned, up-to-date companies who are here for a few days fail to order something new and pretty. The turquoise frock with its foot-*ruche* and myriad fluff frills suited blonde Mrs. Hilary to perfection, and as she flitted about the stage, showed to the greatest advantage in trying circumstances. "Ah, yes," said a knowing woman. "Many a frock looks well to stand up in, but not so many look equally well to sit and walk in. That's the test of a perfectly cut gown, my dear!"

Mrs. and Miss Hills removed this week from the old Greey homestead in Bloor street east to a fine new house which Mrs. Hills has built at the corner of Lowther avenue and Bedford road.

Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson returned to Toronto last week and is staying with Mrs. Lally McCarthy in Beverley street. Miss Robinson is looking exceedingly well and speaks glowingly of her tour in the North-West. Her business address is in care of Messrs. Nordheimer, Toronto, where letters may be sent for the present.

Mrs. Hardy will not receive next Tuesday, as she will be out of town on that day.

The engagement of Rev. Vicars Stevenson, son of the late Judge Stevenson, and Miss Nellie Grand, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Grand of Toronto, is announced.

Miss Leverich, who has been visiting Miss Evelyn Cox during the season, returned to New York this week.

Many persons who met Mrs. Cora Stewart Wheeler during her visit here last fall, and enjoyed her bright society and clever recitations and addresses, will grieve to hear of her

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death at her home in Boston this week. Mrs. Wheeler's article, The Canadian Girl and her Brother, for which she gathered much material hereabouts, will be read sadly, in memory of the bright and gifted writer.

Master—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnny—Whalebone. Master—Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Tommy—Sealing-wax.

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The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

"Did I understand you to say that you are an unmarried woman?" asked the lawyer, cross-examining a Chicago woman. "I do not know what you understood me to say," she replied, "but that is what I said. I have been unmarried four times."

He—I suppose your father understands that I am not going to marry the rest of the family. She (one of many sisters)—He says that is the only thing that troubles him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Births.
ANGLIN—March 8, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, a son.
ROBINSON—March 6, Mrs. Ernest Robinson, a son.



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HATTERS AND FURRIERS

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MACPHERSON—March 3, Mrs. R. C. Macpherson, a son.
O'BRIEN—March 4, Mrs. Colin G. O'Brien, a son.
HADDOW—March 5, Mrs. Robert Haddow, a son.
FENWICK—March 4, Mrs. Archibald Fenwick, a son.

Marriages.

O'HARA—SIMPSON—Bowmanville, March 4, W. J. O'Hara to Alicia Simpson.
NORTON—HOLDEN—Whitby, J. H. Norton to Alice L. Holden.
SAXTON—HENDERSON—Los Angeles, March 1, Alfred Norman Saxton to Isabel Henderson.
MOITSON—DALTON—March 10, Alfred E. Moitson to Jessie Dalton.
HARRIS—BLACKMORE—New York, March 10, Lloyd Harris to Evelyn Frances Blackmore.

Deaths.

DIXWOODIE—Feb. 23, J. W. Dixwoodie, aged 68.
HASTINGS—March 3, Harriet Hastings.
LAING—March 3, Mary Laing, aged 59.
LEES—March 9, Susannah G. Lees, aged 84.
POPE—March 9, Eliza E. Pope, aged 66.
STEPHEN—Algoma, Dr. R. M. Stephen, aged 41.
SAVAGE—March 9, Rev. John Savage, aged 68.
BARKER—Weston, Martha Barker, aged 79.
FRASER—March 7, John Fraser, aged 74.
BALL—Calcutta, Feb. 2, J. F. D. Ball of Galt.
BOYD—March 7, Matilda R. Boyd, aged 18.
ROSS—March 1, Sarah E. Ross, aged 91.
CARTER—March 6, Janet Carter, aged 67.
WOODS—March 6, Wm. S. Woods, aged 63.
DIVER—March 5, Margaret Diver, aged 73.

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